

The Freeman

VOL. V. No. 129.

NEW YORK, 30 AUGUST, 1922

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observers mournfully prophesy that when the day comes, the people will yet again lend a husky shoulder to shoving him over the line for a touchdown.

SINCE we sheathed the shining sword and gave over for a time the congenial duty of killing and bankrupting our best customers, we have had an uncommonly high production of violence in this country. It is reassuring to note that the Federal Administration is at last showing concern over some phases of this, though many persons will suspect that the invoking of a law to protect aliens within our shores is scarcely adequate to meet the situation. Two Mexican citizens were killed at Herrin, Illinois, when miners and their neighbours rose up against the local strikebreakers, and this incident has been cited by Mr. Harding in calling for the passage of the Kellogg bill, which will give the Federal Government power to reach into the States and protect menaced foreigners. This official zeal for the welfare of Mexican aliens is rather sudden. Not so many months before Mr. Harding became President, the Mexican Government published a list of several hundred Mexican citizens who had been murdered within our borders in the few years preceding, but our Government gave no evidence of any interest in the matter. We are confident that Mr. Harding considers the lives of Mexican strikebreakers no more precious than those of Mexicans not engaged in work of this character, but it seems a pity that he did not base his demand for the passage of the Kellogg bill on a more general appeal.

THE silly season has been appropriately enlivened by some of the British speakers at the summer frolic at Williams-town, Massachusetts, who urgently invited the American Government and people to accept membership in the British Commonwealth of Free Nations. Though our forefathers went to no little pains to disconnect themselves from this benevolent organization, it has occasionally seemed during the past few years that we might have slipped in again. Apparently, however, there are some further formalities, though surely we have already put up a whopping initiation fee. We wish that in their invitation our excellent cousins had said something specific about the annual dues, for we are more than a little apprehensive about that. Instead they merely dwelt on the opportunity which membership would give us to spread democracy and to uplift humanity and civilization. This, we think, was poor salesmanship. We went in for spreading democracy and all that sort of thing a few years ago, and barely escaped with our shirt. We are off that for one generation at least. Nor can we concur in the suggestion of one enthusiastic Britisher that the biblical phrase, "the Kingdom of Heaven" be changed to "the Commonwealth of Heaven." The latter phrase suggests Cherubim Curzon and Carson, Seraphim Churchill and Birkenhead, and Archangel Balfour; and that is too much for human sanity to endure.

"For a feller what's got a nerve like what you got it, Abe," said Morris Perlmutter to his partner, "I am surprised you should make it such a poor salesman." When one contemplates the cheekiness of Mr. Hughes's suggestion that the British Government should condone the search of British ships on the high seas by our prohibition navy, one must be amazed that as a diplomat he is such an easy mark. If he had been a real diplomat he would never have made such a suggestion in formal

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE Balfour note which seemed to throw responsibility upon the United States for the financial disturbances arising from war-debts, is being much criticized in England, and representative English opinion is exercised about the resentment which it may cause here. We do not think that it has caused much resentment or that it has made our people think much better or worse of the British Government. Whatever the mood of American officialdom, the citizen of average intelligence seems disposed to cut his losses in a pretty fair sporting spirit. Perhaps he has so many other and more nearly immediate troubles to think about that this one is crowded out. We wish that some one in Lord Balfour's position would come straight out and advocate the repudiation of *all* war-debts, on economic grounds, with no nauseating grand-stand play of sentiment and hypocrisy like Lord Balfour's. There is one good reason, so good that no other is needed, why all debts and indemnities should be cancelled. It should be done in order that we may all be able to do some stable business again, which the Lord knows needs doing and can not be done with things at sixes and sevens as they are. If some statesman proclaimed this insistently, he could make himself heard and heeded, and might perhaps recover some of the credit and prestige which used to attach to statesmanship, but have now sadly lapsed.

AFTER the renomination of Senator Reed, the next conspicuous test of political orthodoxy will come in the Wisconsin primary, when Senator La Follette goes once more before the people. Mr. La Follette is espousing the bonus, which seems to us pretty bad politics, but it is quite in keeping with his record. His antipathy to war is so great that on grounds of pure humanitarianism, he is all for making it cost as much as possible. He was for dipping into the Treasury with both hands in behalf of the Civil War veterans, and at one time during the late war sponsored a measure to raise the pay of common soldiers to a prohibitive figure. There is not much in this sort of thing, we think, beyond showing that one's heart is in the right place. We too are for making war expensive, but we would advocate tackling the problem at the other end. We should think that the Senator would lose a good many votes by his attitude on the bonus, and no doubt he would if his constituents did not know him and his motives so well. As it is, they will probably vote for him, no matter what he advocates. Everything in Wisconsin is against him except the people, as has been pretty uniformly the case throughout his career, and most of the political

terms; he would simply have gone ahead and authorized the search, and if the British made a fuss, would have slapped his pockets and gruffly asked what they were going to do about it. That is the normal style of the British Foreign Office when dealing with a weaker Power, and it is a good one. We suggest that if the prohibition navy is estopped from this pleasant pastime of searching foreign ships for rum, it can search those of the United States Shipping Board, where it will find plenty of the contraband article any time that it takes the notion to look for it.

WE have long been waiting for some humiliated citizen to bring this disgraceful and loathsome humbug to a show-down. We wish that it had occurred to Mr. Adolphus Busch, for instance, to buy a couple of bottles of whisky as his ship neared port, carry them in his hands down the gang-plank into the customs-lines, boldly declare them, and if they were confiscated, bring suit. It is high time to find out whether the United States Government can make a bona-fide sale to one of its own citizens, take his money, and then confiscate the purchased property at the customs-frontier. If this sort of thing can really be done, then it strikes us that the best way with such a Government is to pick it up with the tongs and drop it in the ash-barrel, or else to stand from under and leave those who like it to enjoy it. It is one thing to withstand a strong, consistent and intelligent tyranny, and quite another to abate a nuisance which disgraces one's premises; and the hypocritical effrontery of the Government's attitude towards prohibition is simply a moral stench. One of the London papers says tartly that according to its information, the Mid-Western congressman is something that must be seen to be believed. We are three thousand miles nearer Washington than London is, and have seen congressmen, senators and Cabinet officers galore, and like the farmer looking at the giraffe, we can not even while we look at them, believe that they exist.

THE performance of the Ku Klux Klan in the recent Democratic primaries in Texas should be a matter of considerable interest to anyone who wishes to get at the root of the race-problem. The candidates favoured by the Klan were very generally successful, but to our way of thinking, the strength of the all-American vote is by no means as significant as its distribution. According to report, the victory of the Klansmen was most complete in the more populous cities and counties, and especially so in Fort Worth, Dallas, Houston, and Waco. Now, it is precisely in these industrial centres that the white population contains the largest admixture of Northern and European immigrants, and it is here also that white men and Negroes work side by side in the same factories. In the country districts, the native white population inherits a prejudice against the Negro, but the whites are not generally brought into direct competition with black men in the labour-market; economic stratification tends to keep the races out of one another's way. In the cities, prejudice is not so generally a matter of inheritance, but in the absence of economic barriers which follow the colour-line race-hatred seems to be acquired very readily, and in a high concentration.

THERE may be some other explanation of the distribution of the Ku Klux vote, but to our way of thinking, the results of the balloting tend to show that race-prejudice is strongest, not where the inter-racial relationship of assumed superiority and inferiority is most easily maintained, but where it is least secure. If some of our readers are inclined to question the value of this hypothesis, we suggest that they try their hand at applying it to the situation of the Chinese and the Japanese on the Pacific coast, and to that of the Jews in the centres of population in the North and East; and incidentally, the inquirers might submit to this same test any little twinges of race-prejudice which they themselves may happen to feel.

MEN and brethren, do you remember the gallons of ink that between, say, 1904 and 1914, were devoted by a large section of the British press to the "menace to Europe in the rising military power of Germany?" Well, if you read the British press now—and if you do not, it would be worth your while to do so—you are getting a fine beginning of just the same line of talk with reference to France. Nay, it is even now finding its way direct to this side. Our neighbour, the *New York World* of 20 August, for instance, published a fine special article written by Brother Gardiner—not Brother Gardner, the sage and kindly president of the Lime-Kiln Club, but Brother A. G. Gardiner, former editor of the *London Daily News*—under the head-line, "French Military Power Is Called a Sinister Shadow; British Publicist says England Is Awakening to Power of Neighbour"; and it is quite in the old vein. The new boggy-man, spiritual successor to William II, is M. Poincaré. All right; if the thing has to be done all over again, Europe must face the music with the best grace it can. But the American observer of public affairs, if he has a memory as long as his little toe, must wonder why we should have made such a back-breaking effort to oust Tweedledum just for the sake of setting up Tweedledee. Is not one military menace as bad as another?

THE thing that most reminds us of old times, however, is that in all his doleful musings upon the unsatisfactoriness of Entente relations and his fears of "the dolorous day to be," Brother Gardiner is not so preoccupied that he forgets to drop in a bean for the spotless integrity and transparent purity of British intentions. We mention this in no spirit of cavilling or ill-will, for we know that Englishmen do this with the same unconscious automatism wherewith they draw their breath. "England's sole interest is the establishment of peace-conditions and a restoration of trade . . . England has no interest in the economic or political destruction of Germany." Naturally—now that Germany's trade-rivalry has been duly broken, and England has pocketed the bulk of Germany's colonial possessions. Brother Gardiner here reminds us of Brother Balfour's talk about the war as "the common enterprise," and how wrong it is that one partner [the United States] should get back all that she has lent, and that another [Great Britain] while recovering nothing, should be required to pay all that she has borrowed. Yes, but the other partner came out of the war with more loot than was ever hogged at one time in the whole history of banditry, and this country did not get the value of a cancelled postage stamp. Again we say that we are wholly without malice in citing this evidence of a national trait, for Brother Balfour could not see in a thousand years that this offset has any force of reason or justice.

WHEN the partisan leader, Adelbert Korfanty, attempted to capture and annex to Poland a part of Eastern Silesia, the action was most righteously repudiated by the Polish Government; and now, to make the story a good one, this same Korfanty has been made Premier. The reorganization of the Ministry is said to have been largely the result of a demand for a more vigorous handling of the Ruthenian and Russian peasants of the eastern provinces. If this be what is wanted, Mr. Korfanty is undoubtedly the man for the job. Indeed, it would perhaps be impossible to find a politician and patriot who is better fitted to take up the burden of imperialism in Eastern Galicia where Austria laid it down. The population of this region is fifty-nine per cent Ruthenian and twenty-seven per cent Polish, the remainder of the people being of other nationalities. The Austrians knew very well how to take advantage of this situation; they educated the urban Polish minority, and took them into partnership in the control of the Ruthenians, the majority of whom live in the country and are still illiterate. In 1910, 31,500 of the civil and military officials of Eastern Galicia were Austrians, 24,500 were Poles, and 3400 were Ruthenians. With the Austrians out of the way, the Poles have 31,000 new jobs on their hands and will doubtless be able in the course of time to increase this number considerably.

IN order to protect themselves, in so far as possible, against the rise of economic and political competitors from below, the Poles must continue to restrict educational opportunities, as the Austrians did, and as our own White South has learned so well how to do. This matter is apparently being very carefully looked after, for there are now 7796 Polish teachers and 2731 Ruthenian teachers in the elementary schools of Eastern Galicia, while the corresponding figures for the secondary schools are 1200 and 264. Since the only teachers who give instruction in the Ruthenian language are those of Ruthenian nationality, it appears that the average child of this latter group has about one-seventh as good a chance in the matter of education as the average Polish child with whom he must eventually come into competition. We do not doubt for a moment that the Ruthenians would handle the Poles in this district quite in the same fashion, if Eastern Galicia became a sovereign State, and the Ruthenian population were thereby erected into a dominant majority. This business of converting minorities into majorities goes by the name of national self-determination; but the people who show the largest amount of enthusiasm for the rights of small nations are themselves frequently as careless of the rights of human beings as any imperialist who ever clanked a sword.

WRITING in the Peking *Daily News* on "The Anti-Christian Movement in China," Mr. H. H. Brayton Barff makes the striking remark that "the opening Chinese mind is being offered at one and the same time the 'Origin of Species' and the Book of Genesis." Hitherto, Christianity has had to compete in China only with previously established formulations of religious thought, but now apparently the native and foreign creeds are coming into competition with the scientific and irreligious spirit of the West. The Chinese who has learned something of the attitude of the new realists as it is represented, say, in the work of Mr. Bertrand Russell, is now in a position to give the Christian system of theology and ethics a more thorough and competent examination than it is likely to receive for some time among the peoples who have been born under the Christian dispensation. In other words, the position of Christianity in certain circles in China is coming to approximate that of Hindu mysticism, as propagated by the theosophists, among the best-informed people of the Occident. Thus it appears to us that the foreign missionary performs one valuable service, at least; he brings certain old ideas forcibly to the attention of people who are free from prejudice with respect to them, and are therefore well fitted to perform the service of criticism, and to give material help in that sifting of thought which makes for the increase of human understanding.

INTERVIEWING candidates for public office is about as fruitful as prospecting for huckleberries at the North Pole; but a reporter of the New York *World* who was sent to get the views of Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch, Socialist candidate for the State Assembly from the eighth Manhattan district, unexpectedly found a pailful of nourishment. By way of introduction, the reporter asked where the eighth district was. "All assembly-districts look alike to me," he remarked. In reply Mrs. Blatch put a question. "Do you know the difference between medicine and engineering?" The reporter said he did. "And between ship-building and having a baby?" pursued Mrs. Blatch. The bewildered reporter again returned a weak affirmative, but inquired what that had to do with the location of the eighth district. "The Government today hasn't much of anything to do with life," Mrs. Blatch replied. "Life is made up of activities. Our activities are not represented in the Government. The only things the Government represents are things that don't mean anything. It represents assembly-districts." This is about the sanest and most weighty utterance that we can recall from any political aspirant hereabouts since the death of William J. Gaynor. We can not guess Mrs. Blatch's chances of being condemned to membership in that palæolithic

body, the New York State Legislature; but if she has the misfortune to be elected we know that her fellow-assemblymen will bitterly resent her presence and she will find herself altogether an alien. A State Legislature is no place for her. She is obviously a contemporary.

WE have recently had the opportunity to examine a list of some of the plays that are being presented this year on the Chautauqua platform, and we are by no means impressed with their quality. We can recall the names of a number of plays produced on Broadway within the last few years, which seem to us, for one reason or another, worth remembering; such, for instance, as "Jane Clegg," "A Bill of Divorcement," "Bonds of Interest," "Beyond the Horizon," "Redemption," "A Night's Lodging," and "Deburau"—but we can find nothing on the Chautauqua list that approximates any one of these plays in worth. Hence we are not prepared to receive with great applause the announcement that the Chautauquas are undertaking to stimulate the writing of plays for their own exclusive use. There is an implication here that the bureaux want something rather better than can be had in the ordinary course of events; but no one who is acquainted with the quality of their previous offerings is likely to believe this for a moment. We do not think of course, that the Chautauqua audience demands anything better than the ordinary inanities of Broadway; but neither do we believe, on the other hand, that this audience would reject good plays. The indifference of an unformed taste creates an opportunity of which the bureaux have altogether failed to take advantage; and unless these agencies are visited with a change of heart, the monetary stimulus which they are offering to the playwrights will result simply in the production of more shoddy, and will thus help in the long run to turn the Chautauqua patrons themselves into a positive burden upon dramatic art.

THE war on censorship of art and literature began last week with the formation of a committee composed of delegates from several associations of artists and writers, under the leadership of Mr. George Creel. The brunt of its attack, apparently, will be upon the Society for the Suppression of Vice, which is under the leadership of Mr. John S. Sumner. We are all for liberty and all for decency too, and in our time have broken a lance or two for both; but we must say that we would fight and die more cheerfully for either if we could do it under the eye of some other general than Mr. Sumner or Mr. Creel. Mr. Sumner is an illiterate person, with the sort of mind that needs to have a little chloride of lime dusted around in it every once in a while for the sake of the neighbours; Mr. Creel was prevaricator-plenipotentiary and confidence-man-extraordinary for the Wilson Administration; and thus the choice is a hard one, and the prospects for gain to either decency or liberty are not good. If our feelings were stronger in the matter at issue, however, we might be less fastidious. We do not believe that nasty books or pictures ever did much harm; decent people will not bother with them, and others can not be seriously hurt by them. On the other hand, making a fuss about nasty books and pictures does a great deal of harm all round; and therefore we think that the interests of liberty and decency alike are best served by a course of patient neglect.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

Editors—Van Wyck Brooks, Clara La Follette, Francis Neilson, Albert Jay Nock and Gerold Tanquary Robinson. Published weekly by the Freeman Corporation, B. W. Huebsch, Gen'l Mgr., 116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the United States and Mexico, \$6.00; in Canada, \$6.50; elsewhere, \$7.00. London subscription representative, Dorothy Thurtle, 36 Temple Fortune Hill, N. W. 11. Copyright, 1922 by The Freeman Corporation, 30 August, 1922. Vol. V. No. 129. Entered as second-class matter March 12, 1920, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

ROBBING PETER.

AT no little sacrifice of energy and of our sense of human dignity, we have toiled through the arid reaches of the tariff-debate as set forth in the *Congressional Record*. We have emerged brain-sore and weary, and with a conviction that civilization can scarcely flourish in this country until half our legislators are placed in jail and the rest are removed to an atmosphere of comparative sanity in institutions for the feeble-minded.

After four months of oratorical trivialities, the Senate has passed the bill with many revisions-upward engineered at the last moment by the representatives of privilege. It now goes to a conference between the Senate and House leaders, a process which will afford further opportunity for dickers and deals. Barring accidents, the final patchwork will be passed by a walloping majority and the President's signature will establish its multiform bonuses and emoluments and exactions as the law of the land.

For the most part, the protracted debate was a drab and sordid affair. Senators with investments in wool were the leaders in promoting high rates on wool; senators financially interested in beet-sugar were particularly active in shovelling taxes into the sugar-bowl; a senator interested in oil attempted to place a duty on crude and refined petroleum that would net his company \$2000 a day; and so on, through the long schedule. It was asserted by Senator Reed that the aluminium schedule, with duties ranging in effect from twenty-five to fifty per cent, was drafted by Secretary Mellon, who is a director of, and, according to Senator Reed, has a controlling interest in, the company that has a monopoly of this product. For the past thirty years the net earnings of this company have averaged 15 1-3 per cent.

In some cases the impassioned advocates of high tariffs drove their levies through on the familiar slogan, "Protect the American workingman from unemployment!" On this ground they passionately defended many a duty of one hundred per cent, giving the impression that unless this protection were accorded, the streets of our cities would be crowded with idle men; though frequently the industry which was the object of such solicitude, proved never to have afforded work for more than a few thousand persons. When humanitarian and protectionist arguments were too obviously inadequate, the exorbitant duties were defended on the ground of the country's need for revenue, even though they were so high as to destroy all possibility of their bringing in any revenue whatsoever.

A typical item is that of asbestos, upon which the senators voted an increase of fifty per cent over the present rate on woven fabrics and 150 per cent on manufactures of the general class. Yet our exports in asbestos amount to over two and a half million dollars annually, while imports have been negligible. We are the principal producers of asbestos, and the industry is dominated by one firm which sells its products abroad at a price substantially lower than that which it charges the American consumer, the difference being commensurate with the tariff-rate. Under the old rates this concern has done fairly well, according to its own reports. It paid out in 1920 dividends amounting to six times its dividends of 1910. During this period it has increased its surplus 1350 per cent and has quintupled its capital. In 1920, after paying a preferred-stock dividend of seven per cent,

and ten per cent upon its common stock, it still had upwards of three million dollars to tuck away as surplus. The senatorial brethren did not, under the circumstances, offer any particular argument for the increase in the rate; they merely voted it through.

Consider also the matter of coal-tar dyes. Even the hardy Senator Smoot, who believes in the highest possible tariff on almost every commodity known to mankind, sickened at some of the items on the schedule. The proponents of the new duties spoke feelingly of our infant dye-industry, and how it was sure to be wiped out by the wicked Hun unless their ratings were accepted. Mr. Smoot pointed out that in the case of a number of items, the Germans would have to produce at a cost of less than nothing to compete with American manufactures under the new schedule. For example, they would have to produce synthetic indigo at a cost of minus eight and three-tenths cents per pound to sell in this market; they would have to produce acid black at minus nine and six-tenths cents per pound, and six other items at minus four and one-third cents per pound. But this argument had no effect on the Senators. The roll call passed the higher duties by thirty-eight votes to twenty-three.

The rates fixed on cutlery ran as high as 445 per cent. This unscrupulous exaction started a revolt headed by Senator Lenroot, but he was bowled over by patriotic protests to the effect that American labour must be protected from the insidious foreign importer. Senator Gooding said he would vote for a duty of 1000 per cent if necessary, and Senator Stanfield expressed his willingness to protect any needy industry with duties of 4000 per cent. Mr. Gooding, who, by a curious coincidence, hails from the same State as Senator Borah, entertains peculiarly naive views of economics, including the theory that imports are unnecessary. Asked by Senator Lenroot in the course of the general debate how foreign nations could pay us for our exports if not in goods, he haughtily declared that he preferred to have them pay in gold! Can you beat it?

Yet when the rate on hides came up for discussion, the high-tariff lions suddenly roared as gently as any suckling dove. They shed no tears over the poor American farmer and his steers, forced to compete with the pauper steers of Europe. In fact they never mentioned the poor farmer at all. Led by that indefatigable protectionist, Senator Lodge, they voted hides into the free list, a proceeding that might seem inexplicable were it not for the fact that Mr. Lodge is up for re-election this year, and the shoe-manufacturers of Massachusetts wield a powerful bag. After listening to Mr. Smoot fervently thanking God for his own efforts in the holy cause of protection, and hearing Mr. Gooding invoke the aid of the Deity in destroying the infidel doctrine of free trade, one felt something of a shock from this unanimity on free hides. Obviously, it was designed for political revenue only.

For the most part the Democratic opposition in the long debate, under the leadership of Senator Underwood, was trivial and unconvincing. Mr. Underwood apparently lost most of his usefulness as leader of the opposition when he became a party to the shams of Mr. Hughes's Washington conference. A striking exception to the Democratic ineptitude, however, was Senator Reed, who returned considerably refreshed from his recent profitable visit to the home folks in Missouri. Mr. Reed's discussion of the rate of seventy-

five per cent on soya-bean oil was about as illuminating as anything in the whole windy four months. Senator Harreld defended the duty on the ground that if soya-bean oil came in free it would ruin the extensive industry of extracting from the fish known as menhaden an oil used for the same purposes. To this he added that the proposed tariff would establish a large production of soya-beans in our own country, as the Southern farmers would find the beans a more profitable crop than cotton.

Having argued that the soya-bean oil coming into this country will destroy the fish-industry [said Senator Reed], the Senator proposes to promote an enormous production of soya-bean oil here, which of course would destroy his flock of fish and their industry. That is the argument—an argument which destroys itself. Mr. President, is there anything in the world that we can do without protection by law? Are we the most helpless people in all the world? Is it true that no American citizen can make a living, unless we have a law passed to give him an advantage over every other man in the world? Is it true that there is no one thing that can be produced in this country, except back of a tariff-wall? If so, then there is no one thing we can sell abroad, and we are indeed a hermit nation, a nation made hermit by incapacity and by inability of its own people to compete with the world.

No senator attempted to reply to this; they merely called the roll and voted for the duty.

We have read somewhere a story of an East Indian magician who tossed a rope in the air and ascended it hand over hand until he disappeared from view. The testimony to this feat rested on the word of a single Englishwoman, who declared that she had witnessed it; but it was subsequently found necessary to place her in an asylum for the insane. If such a trick were performed before our eyes, we confess it would immensely widen our sense of human possibilities; but even then the scope of our credulity would not include faith in a miracle whereby political policy and leadership could elevate itself to a plane of honesty, sincerity and economic good sense.

WHO ARE THE ANARCHISTS?

WE have before us a pamphlet issued from the headquarters of the National Coal Association at Washington, describing the dreadful slaughter at Herrin. It is entitled "The Herrin Conspiracy," and purports to show that the murders were the result of a determination of the miners to maintain the supremacy of the union "over and above the law of the State and the law of the nation." This, we think, is about the size of it; and it is a precisely similar determination to that which has been abundantly proved of the operators themselves. It is anarchy, as the pamphlet says; but the National Coal Association should in any semblance to decency be the very last to call it that. One need not condone the murders to observe that the miners simply met anarchy with anarchy, and that therefore there is much cold logic in the verdict of the coroner's jury that the deaths of the strikebreakers "were due to the act, direct and indirect, of the Southern Illinois Coal Company."

This verdict is quoted in full in the pamphlet, without comment, which is a pleasing relief to the general *ex parte* appearance of the document. But the correspondent who sent us this pamphlet calls our attention to a strange statement on page twenty-seven. When the procession of miners with their prisoners, the strikebreakers, drew near to the power-house, just before the general massacre, a halt was called. According to the pamphlet (*italics ours*) the witness Jones testified that then there came up from the rear a man

who talked to the miners at the head of the line "and asked *who had operated the machine-gun*. This question was put to the prisoners, who said they didn't know." What machine-gun? Who has heard anything about any machine-gun? Why, moreover, were the strikebreakers interrogated about a machine-gun, unless the gun had been operated on their side of the encounter, perhaps for their protection? If the gun had been operated by soldiers or policemen, the question would hardly be a natural one. The whole thing has an odd sound, and if it should turn out that a privately-owned-and-operated machine-gun had been played upon the miners, the verdict of the coroner's jury would have its logic considerably strengthened.

What astonishes us, therefore, is that the impassioned friends of law and order display such remarkable unanimity in disregarding this verdict of the coroner's jury. It is all very well for anarchists, Reds, radicals and such-like disreputable persons to pass over in contemptuous silence the findings of a body duly constituted by law, for according to the best authorities, like Mr. Palmer and Senator Lusk, that is in their day's work. But this paper observes with distress and chagrin that it is not at all that ilk which is turning up its nose at the findings of this jury, but on the contrary, it is those who display the most feverish interest in the maintenance of law and order. The National Coal Association, for instance, is flooding the country with propaganda to throw the onus of the incident on the union miners. Well, but after all, a verdict is a verdict, and if there is to be any further investigation or further proceedings of any kind, that verdict furnishes the logical point of departure for those proceedings; and that verdict put the responsibility for the massacre squarely and without reservation at the door of the Southern Illinois Coal Company. It may be suggested to those who are so horrified at anarchy and the subversion of government that if this little matter were settled up first, any further proceedings would go on in better order and with better grace.

A DELUSION AND A SNARE.

WHEN the Governments of Chile and Peru decided some time ago to refer their old boundary dispute to arbitration by a third party, the agreement was celebrated generally as something rather fine in the way of diplomatic peace-making. Ever since the Chileans, in 1879, cleaned up the Peruvian army and navy and annexed a large block of Peruvian territory, the status of the Chilean conquest, and especially of the district of Tacna-Arica, has been a subject of violent controversy, which has threatened repeatedly to spill over in actual warfare. Mr. Hughes was no doubt sufficiently impressed with these facts, when he brought the plenipotentiaries of the two Governments together at Washington for a discussion which resulted in the choice of Mr. Harding as arbiter. There is, however, one circumstance which has apparently escaped the attention of our Secretary of State, and is doubtless unknown (that is, officially) to Mr. Harding also.

It just happens that Chile sliced off a large section of Bolivian territory at the time of the great raid upon Peru; and it happens also that the Bolivian claim to the lost district of Antofagasta, and to a corridor to the sea through Tacna-Arica, is inextricably mixed up with the major controversy between Chile and Peru. As a matter of course, we know nothing whatever about the merits of this third claim; but we do know that it exists, and we submit that the grand

arbitration does not begin very auspiciously, when the lord high arbiter and his chief lieutenant aid and abet the two strongest litigants in throwing the smaller nation out of court, without so much as a hearing.

In all that we have just said, we have perhaps given the impression that we take seriously this business of international, or inter-Governmental arbitration, which of course we do not. Still, there is no great harm in applying to the acts of the diplomats the measure of their own best standards, if indeed they may be said to have any such thing; and this is just what we have been up to. But we are far from believing that the full and honourable consideration of the Bolivian claims along with the rest, would result in the establishment of a solid peace. The heart of the controversy is the contest between the rival monopolists for the control of the world's richest deposits of nitrate; and we can not see that any amount of arbitration will remove the motive which causes the exploiter to urge on the Government that is most favourable to his interests.

Again, it is worth noting that the population of the disputed territory is of mixed nationality, and that Chilean mobs have attacked Peruvian stores, while Peruvian workers have frequently gone on strike rather than load Chilean ships. Finally, it is obvious that the attempt of the Bolivian Government to secure a corridor from its land-locked country to the sea is based upon the premise that if either of the other nations holds this right of way, it will improve the opportunity to impede and batten upon the traffic that passes that way; upon which premise it may also be assumed that if Bolivia came into possession of this strip of territory, the Bolivian Government would convert it into an economic barrier between Chile and Peru. Thus it seems to us that while exploitation and trade-restrictions continue to harass these neighbouring peoples, and to promote violent discord in the area of mixed population, the hope for a solid peace is a delusion and a snare and a vanity under the sun.

IN RESTRAINT OF TRADE.

THE Department of Commerce is of comparatively recent origin. By contrast with the venerable institutions which have furnished Cabinet heads and much political bargaining ever since the functions of State, war and the navy were departmentalized, the Department of Commerce is a parvenu among the hoary and the elect; and at the present moment, its activities offer a singular temptation to those of a speculative mind.

Among the functions of this Department, is that of conducting the Bureau of Standards. Opinion about the usefulness of this Bureau is divided. It has at times had the courage to point out scientific facts of the greatest importance to American consumers of American goods; but as these facts stood out sharply against the questionable practices of some manufacturers, the Bureau has not been regarded as an unmitigated blessing by that particular group.

Since the war the problem of standards and standardization has come very much to the front. Our war-experience, when, if we were to get on with our job, certain standards had to be enforced, gave a great impetus to the theory of standardizing. No one can deny that we are sadly overburdened with the litter and clutter of a high-speed machine geared to the limit for quantity-production; but persons who have taken the trouble to study the manner by which all technical and mechanical advance is immediately capitalized and drained of general economic benefit, do not run with

the rabble now in pursuit of standardized dimensions, formulæ, alloys, sizes, types and so on. The present Secretary of the Department of Commerce has, however, taken a considerable interest in the Bureau of Standards, and in the movement for standardization. By word and deed he has encouraged meetings, consultations, conferences, congresses, for the discussion of trade-problems and for examination of the line of goods that producers were putting out on the assumption that competition is actually, as the proverb says, the life of trade. Manufacturers, viewing the miscellany of products with which the corpse of competition was being passed off as a living creature, were concerned about the unwisdom of their ways. "Why not," said they, "accept a given standard of production which we all may follow. We will adopt certain stock sizes, and make no others; and thus we shall reduce our production-costs, loosen some of the capital now locked up in our superfluous varieties, and be able to reduce prices all along the line"—for let it be never forgotten that the whole theory of standardization revolves around the ludicrous notion that by its adoption prices can be reduced.

One group of manufacturers took Mr. Hoover's encouragement with becoming seriousness. They convened and parliamed, talked and discussed, and truly and nobly put their wits to work to see what could be done in following out the sage counsel from Washington. In the end they arrived at a common understanding which considerably cut down the variety of their wares. They did a perfect piece of standardization as far as it went, and they celebrated their achievements in as handsome a catalogue as one could wish to see. Moreover, a more honest piece of work was never done, for these men sincerely believed in the policy of standardization.

The Department of Commerce applauded the work. When the association of manufacturers presented its catalogue for inspection, it evoked the warmest praise. The catalogue exceeded the most cherished dreams of the Secretary, and he lost no time in writing his very personal approval of the splendid accomplishments of his disciples in the doctrine of standardization. They in turn were delighted; an honest glow of pride animated their bosoms and sparkled in their eyes. Their citizenship had been weighed in the balance of the Business Idea, and it had not been found wanting. General rejoicing and an atmosphere of high patriotic fervour prevailed.

But alas for the short-lived joys of man! In Washington there is enthroned the Department of Justice, and a copy of the catalogue which evoked such praise from the Department of Commerce came into its hands. Its opinion was different from Mr. Hoover's, and in less than a twinkling it was Johnny-on-the-spot with a warning to the noble group of manufacturers that their motives were impugned and that their catalogue was interpreted as a defiance of certain Acts of Congress, as in restraint of trade, and as a Conspiracy to Raise Prices.

Concerning the conflict with statutory law, we offer no opinion; very likely the Department of Justice is right. Concerning the Conspiracy to Raise Prices, there can not be two opinions, for certainly the whole movement for standardization must take shape in a conspiracy to raise prices. Honest manufacturers engaged in following the advice of the Department of Commerce may very easily be acquitted of a conscious agreement to raise prices, but they will not need long experience to discover that there is no other

way for modern business to be carried on. Price-fixing is absolutely necessary, if the modern system of price-and-credit economy based upon monopoly-ownership of the natural resources of the earth is to be carried through to the bitter end. We have had price-fixing by Governmental fiat and by municipal ordinance. In the field of public-service utilities, prices are fixed by political commissions. In private enterprise, we have had price-fixing by the interests immediately concerned. Price-fixing ramifies through our whole economic fabric. The hope of everybody that sells anything is that he may either by adventitious monopoly, or by premeditated monopoly, or by monopoly in any old way whereby it can be brought to pass, be able to fix and control the price of the article in which he is dealing. For once the Department of Justice is right. Every movement for an agreement among producers concerning what they shall produce, is bound to be followed by an agreement as to the price that shall be asked. That the *necessity* for this unlawful act exists is what few seem to see; few see that the Mammoth Three-Ring Circus of American Business is to-day *and must be*, a measly dependent upon the side-show of Sabotage. Why? Because no one dares produce in quantity; every one fears abundance as he fears the plague. Why? Because in the face of abundance, prices would fall. Would that not be a blessing? To the people, yes; to owners of natural-resource monopoly, to banks and lending institutions which have loans out against stocks and bonds representing the capitalization of monopoly, no—for with the fall in prices, there would come an indescribable tumble in the value of stocks and bonds and land. These things would tend to return to their normal and actual value. The fictitious value given to them by capitalized monopoly would evaporate like dew before the sun.

Why then do we blame our industrialists if they combine to fix and control prices, to reduce the sugar-crop, destroy cotton or wheat, burn corn for fuel? Why blame the labouring man if he tries his hardest to hold up the price of his labour by strike, by sabotage, by whatever means he can command? Artificial price-fixing is simply the inexorable condition under which the capitalized monopoly of the natural resources of the earth is maintained. The institution of monopoly with its inflated values, its ever-increasing demand for rent for which no return whatever is given, its intricate network of financial ramifications, compels some form of conspiracy in restraint of trade—of sabotage—if industry is to go on.

The Congress of the United States is to-day about to enact into law, it seems, the most dastardly scheme of price-fixing ever established. The Fordney-McCumber tariff-bill is nothing more or less than a profound conspiracy to permit and encourage price-fixing by American producers. It is a piece of effrontery amazing in its boldness. The chances are that the deity of protection may at last unmask itself; those whom the gods would destroy, appear at present to be senators. For with the wall of the tariff raised insurmountable, we shall have capitalized monopoly preying upon itself within it, and the institution was not designed for that purpose; it was designed to bring about a flourishing domestic prosperity by exploiting the defenceless in foreign lands, while giving a carefully calculated modicum of content to the exploited at home. We observe, however, that the Department of Justice has not reminded the Senate that it is engaged in a conspiracy to encourage price-raising. Justice, it seems, is sound asleep on these occasions.

IN EXITU DE EGYPTO.

When the people and horses have gone
And silence has fallen,
The lonely road wakes;
And all night,
Under Cassiopeia and the Pleiades
It sighs for its lost travellers.
But at the hour before dawn,
When the stars are cold,
It whispers the world-secret.

WITH what eagerness, with what profound satisfaction the entrapped and hapless country-bred city-dweller flees from the strident city to enjoy with nature the few brief days allotted to him for a vacation. At last he is free, at last the hour has arrived that finds him once more environed by the sights and sounds and scents that he loves! What could be more healing, more restorative, than the first glimpse of grass and trees to his weary eyes? It is like a sacred laying on of hands, which the soul, sick with care and care, feels suddenly falling upon it with all the consoling assurance of a benediction beyond man's understanding.

Slowly the long, leisurely days pass by, each one offering its own peculiar initiation. There are no telephones to distract him, no clocks to portion out these gracious opulent hours. All day long under the summer sun he "loafs and invites his soul"; now wandering through some cool wood, now strolling along the soft sward of a brambly lane, now basking at ease amongst the rough growths of a deserted meadow. In this way he becomes acquainted with the obscure, secret life of a thousand hidden places, with the lonely rush-edged pond in which he swims, and with the ruined foundations of the old farmhouse which once stood near that clear brown stream in the open glen under the maple-trees.

Down by the pond, in the misty half-light of the early morning, he disturbs a large bird, a crane or a heron, already abroad in the shallows. At that enchanted hour how grateful to feel the water against his limbs, as with careful tread he steps into the deep pool from flat stones, where round, white-bellied tadpoles bask and fatten into frogs. Well he knows that when he shall return again at high noon, all will have changed, the song of the birds giving place in the sultry heat to the incessant murmur of innumerable insects, while, hour after hour, the drowsy green snake, beside a blackened stump, surveys the sun-drenched playground of flickering, metallic-winged dragon flies.

In the evening, when the honey-coloured harvest moon rides high overhead, he wanders toward the ruined farmhouse. Sitting there on the top of the half-dozen stone steps which once led up to its entrance, he ponders upon the instability and impermanence of all earthly things. Who now can remember the girls and boys who not so long ago passed to their work, laughing, quarrelling, love-making, over these same open, moonlit spaces? What brown, toil-worn hands first set upright in the ground the slim stem of that apple-tree which now stands there, gnarled and decrepit? Where is the good housewife who once displayed so much homely foresight in storing her cupboards against the approach of Christmas and the long, snow-bound winter? Gone, all gone, save for an insubstantial existence in the memory of the aged octogenarian, who this morning with senile fingers was feebly picking blackberries from the hedge down by the river. Slowly the moon advances across the midnight sky, illuminating with her fine rays the

sunken paving-stones, the crumbling walls, and the small, immature apples lying on the dark turf.

What ennobling serenity, what delectable quietude! what a satisfaction, too, in his daily walks to revive once more within himself his old appreciations! Now, it is by the contemplation of a toadstool that he holds in his hands, a toadstool whose soft stalk and crinkled substance has in it the odour of ancient forest mould, damp, melancholy, and inscrutable. Again, he considers the small white flowers of the sturdy yarrow, and crushes them for their sweet and aromatic fragrance. Again, to his great content, he finds "self-heal," that curious unobtrusive purple herb, potent for so much good, as he had been instructed long ago by old-world lore: "If any wight be troubled in his head let him search out and pluck that simple called self-heal, and place it under his bonnet; if in his body, let him carry a sprig of the same simple under his arm-pit." Again, while crossing some marshy ground, he comes upon the purplish leaves of the water-mint, recalling many a happy afternoon by pond and river-bank, with swallows darting to and fro, and silver-scaled fish flashing suddenly to the surface as the sun dropped slowly toward a hazy horizon.

And how lovely are the nights! Slowly the immemorial constellations move into their places. What matters it if he can not sleep? In those moments of heightened and intense consciousness he feels himself drawing into his distracted being incalculable refreshment; his soul becomes the cherished darling of the universe, nursed in the calm of space. In the hour before dawn, when every spray of feathery foliage, every leaf of clover, every tremulous twig is soaked with dew, he rises from his bed and awaits the rising of the sun. Presently the sun appears, resplendent, immortal, a great circle of divine fire, bathing far and wide the chilled morning air with its splendid light. The silver gossamer webs which hang from flower to flower catch its rays, the weather-stained trunks of the hedgerow trees, the gleaming stones, and lo! a new day has begun.

A CLOSE-UP OF THE STRIKES.

If anybody says "Let's go" to me again during a strike I shall say, "Are you furnishing transportation?" No more of this working-class tourist stuff for me, when coal- and rail-strikes are in the land; it is too perilous by far. It is all very interesting, stimulating, and exciting—but very exhausting.

I left New York in April, the day before Easter, when I knew the mountain snows would be melting and the birds singing in the tops of green and budding trees, and when there would be a spring warmth in the hills to gladden the heart of the lonely wayfarer; and I left on a coal-road.

Those were the days when no one thought the coal-strike would amount to much, with the exception of a few long-headed individuals who looked into a future of heatless boilers and smokeless chimneys, and foretold industrial disaster. The six hundred million tons, so the unwise said, of non-union and strike-breaking coal that was boasted to be the production of the unorganized fields, would keep industries at top speed for years to come; and anyhow, the strikers would soon be back at work, so what was the difference? There was no danger of a shortage. At least, that was what we were told.

When I reached a little river down in Pennsylvania, I first met the coal-strike. "*Que grand tu es,*" said Grandgousier when he first saw his infant son, so they named the babe Gargantua, after the Hebrew custom. The hog¹ was making a dizzy straight line out of a long string of coal-gons² as we approached the trestle, on which a guard was standing. He saw me. He swung a long-barrelled pump-gun to his shoulder. I toppled backward into the car. The bullet splugged against the edge of the car where I had been, and we rattled on over the river. Thereafter I did not meet the coal-strike any more often than was necessary. All I saw of it was an occasional black pit where coal formerly came out of the ground, and the

black tipples along the tracks where no cars were standing and there was no coal to be loaded. I saw a few miners working—digging gardens, or digging coal on the railway right-of-way for home use; digging it that their shacks might not be as cheerless as the pits they had quit.

Down in Tennessee, they were all talking about the strike. It was a shame, they said, and the union miners were a bad lot and had no right to keep honest men from working. The State mines (worked by convicts) were operating steadily; but convicts can not be expected to strike, especially where the warden's power is like that of a Roman *paterfamilias*.

In Texas, they laughed at the strike and raised the price of oil. The Rockefeller mines in Colorado were strangely quiet, and all the way out to Washington the news-writers were fretting—for Gawdsake do something—and hoping that the fires would be kept burning by heavenly grace. Then, suddenly, they brightened up. The problem was solved. The Government was going to distribute coal. But they neglected to say where the coal was to come from.

Then the strike of railway-shopmen came on. I had settled down to enjoy a pleasant summer under the cool, grey skies of Puget Sound, with nothing more pressing to worry about than how to keep my lungs free from the smoke of forest fires; caring about as much for industrial unrest as for a last year's pork-chop.

One day, while making some cherry wine, I received a letter suggesting that I return to New York to join in some amusing and profitable adventures there, so I reluctantly left the wine to amateurs, and started. With me was another lad who, feeling no great social demand for his labour, is free to follow his "own thinking and his own desire."

Of course, there was the shop-strike, but we read that the railways were not hurt by it; that they were running full service, and everything was going well. They could run without shops awhile, and they could get all the men they needed. If the union men did not come back soon their jobs would be filled and they could starve for all the operators cared. We smiled at this hokum, but we thought we could at least get over the road.

We caught a Milwaukee train out of Seattle and had little difficulty in getting over the mountains as far as Missoula, Montana. We saw no shopmen, except a few foremen at the division-points, but those electric hogs are sturdy monsters, and seem to need little repairing, while the cars had not begun to develop trouble as yet. We were riding in a car of clear, sweet-smelling Douglas fir lumber, warm and cosy, and enjoying the easy pull of the big electricies that snake a hundred cars over the Western humps, when we fell to discussing routes, and finally decided to shunt over to the Northern Pacific, thence to the Burlington, and so travel down through Nebraska and Iowa. We left her at Missoula, and found that service was not so smooth on the steam roads.

The crack manifest³ from Seattle, for which we were waiting, was nineteen hours late, and we had to lie around in Missoula for twenty-eight hours, eating out the heart of our stake. At last she dragged in, crawling along at three miles an hour, blind, and shooting steam from a hundred places where she should have been tight. We rode her out, and made Billings at last, where we switched to the Burlington.

"When is one pulling out, Jack?" I asked a goat-tender.⁴

"Can't tell," said he, throwing a switch, "can't tell anything. The strike's got this road haywire."⁵

"I thought the strike wasn't hurting the railways."

"The hell it isn't. And if we all go out it'll break 'em for fair. That's their game. They want to make the Government take 'em over."

"Well, why don't you all go out?"

"Wish we could, and we probably will soon, so if you're going anywhere, you better make time."

We took him at his word and grabbed the first and fastest thing out. The Burlington seemed not quite so thoroughly wrecked as the Northern Pacific. The only trouble we had on that division was a few hot boxes, and we were used to them. The manifest was making good time, through a night as black as a mine-pit. Thunder-clouds were rumbling overhead, and an occasional burst of rain kept us just wet enough to be uncomfortable. It was so black that I could not see my partner's face as he sat alongside me on the deck of a box-car. Suddenly two figures scrambled over the end of the car.

"Did the shack⁶ kick you off the oil-tanks too?" I asked.

For answer an extremely nervous man stuck a block of blue steel into my side and flashed a light on it. My hands went

¹ Locomotive.

² Abbreviation of gondola car.

³ Manifest: freight train running on a definite schedule; crack manifest: the fastest manifest, usually carrying perishable goods.

⁴ Goat: switch engine; goat-tender: switchman.

⁵ In confusion.

⁶ Brakeman.

up. So did my partner's. I have never liked the look of a .38 Colt, and it was a long way to the ground from the deck of a train making forty miles an hour. They gave us the most thorough frisking of our lives. They even got my razor, thinking it a wallet, and thereby got a "fiver" which I had planted in the blade-case. Our feet were sticking out toward the side of the car, so they went unsearched. Therein lay the salvation of a medium-sized bill, which was hidden in the sole of a sock; a very dirty bill after a week of travel, but a safe one. The hi-jacks' left us with the warning to stay where we were, and, as we could not see where they went, we stayed.

At Sheridan we were shocked. We saw guards at the yard-entrance so we left the train and took to the highway. They followed us, and stopped us. They wore deputy-sheriff's badges, so we knew it was no use taking to the road to avoid them, for they could follow where railway-detectives could not.

"Got any guns or red cards?" asked one of them.

"We've been hi-jacked already," said I, which seemed to anger him slightly, and I moved on.

"I don't want your money," he snapped back, and slapped me on the hips and ran a hand into my empty inner coat-pocket.

"Not a chance in the world," said I, swinging on down the road.

From there down to Ravenna it was the same story; fifteen guards for every strikebreaker, and all of them afraid of the "sympathizers." The word had the same effect that "Hun" had in war-times. They not only let us pass; they rushed us through as though glad to be rid of us.

At Ravenna a young simpleton, about high-school age, urged us to stay in the yards under his protection, because if we went up town the sympathizers might hurt us. A parson who had come to town and denounced the strike, he said, had been so roughly treated that he had to be put in jail and shipped out of town two days later in a sealed box-car.

We went across the street to eat, and thence up-town, where we talked with the sympathizers. The whole town came under that term. The people were with the strikers, it seemed, and the authorities with the companies. So it was all along the line.

Just outside Lincoln are the big Havelock Yards. Here the train we were riding had to stop. She was immediately covered with searchlights. A stream of white light blazed down either side of the train and a dozen more played around and over it. Guards with flashlights divided their attention between a crap-game on the ground and the men on the train, in order to see that none got off. We all stayed on, and waited for her to pull out. At last we cleared, and were able to breathe easily again. These were the real gunmen—old, case-hardened veterans of a dozen labour-wars, set to watch the shops while the lesser thugs guarded the yards.

We passed through one town where some strikers had been shot. It was an armed camp, and a torpedo exploding in the yards brought hundreds of men to the streets, and armed guards running from every direction.

The trains were getting worse, and cars had often to be set out—in too bad a condition to be hauled farther. One car of iced fruit, with its journals burned out, was set out on a siding among the Iowa corn-fields, forty miles from an ice-house. All kinds of minor accidents were common, and even the few locomotives that were in use were weakened and inefficient.

Toward Chicago the strikebreakers were more plentiful, the engines were in slightly better repair, and the shops showed signs of occupants other than guards.

"The trainmen get nasty sometimes, and start calling names," said a guard who pulled us off a train, and started us toward the street, "so be careful you don't meet the pickets going out." But we were not afraid of the union men. The guards were more dangerous, for they were timorous, and easily startled into nervous trigger-action.

At last we reached Chicago, where they were trying to recruit strikebreakers, with little success; and many a man was making long distances by taking advantage of shipments. Men called "pilots" were going around the town, trying out everybody for the jobs, and occasionally getting a bashed nose, when they met with good union men.

When I was ready to leave Chicago they staged a street-car strike for my benefit; and that, with the daylight-thieving time-system, mixed my schedule, so I had to be satisfied with a local instead of a fast passenger train. I found myself riding freights again, and covering about a hundred miles in fourteen hours, with the same old troubles of hot boxes and minor repairs to be made on the road. Following a fool's advice, I stayed on freights until I reached Cleveland—which meant a loss of three days' time.

At Cleveland I deserted the freights and decked the Century, thereby making Albany overnight. On this trip I had further

proof that the railways are feeling the strike. They formerly changed engines at each division. Now they change at every other one, and sometimes use freight-engines on their crack trains. The road-hog that night was in none too good condition. It was almost impossible to keep the engine to Buffalo hot; while the one from Buffalo to Albany would not take a drink without stopping, and burned so much coal that it had to stop for more. It carried the load badly; jolting, rocking and wheezing until finally it pounded into Albany, where I left it.

Then it rained—and I saw trouble! After an unsuccessful attempt to sleep in a park, I decided to go out and promote a flop.¹ Public sympathy was moribund, so when I saw in a restaurant window a card, "Dishwasher Wanted," I got the job, and went to work. I finished the day, drew what I had coming to me, and flopped. I flopped for two solid days—down with *la grippe*, and threatened with influenza, while the money went out as it came in—which illustrates the folly of work, the stupidity of toil. At last I got up and went to a clinic, where I arrived half an hour late, and was told to "come to-morrow."

When to-morrow came, I was on my way to New York, this time on the highway, where an automobile lifted me into town with security and dispatch; and here I write this sad tale of my early life, to show that the railwaymen have only to stick a while, nor heed the rumble of the distant bums—in Washington—and they will either win the strike, or be able to get jobs building new rolling stock for the railways.

HAYS JONES.

NOTES ON "MOBY DICK."

IV

THE exhaustion in the latter part of "Moby Dick," of which I have already spoken, seems to me to become startlingly apparent at the crisis of the book, which is reached in the last chapter. Caviolous as the criticism may sound from the viewpoint of a broader appreciation, I sincerely feel that Melville failed to reap in his crisis all that he had sown throughout the body of the tale. The chase of the white whale is splendid; in the daily fight between Ahab and this sinister embodiment of evil Melville is at his best, everything goes magnificently up to the very last; but the final attack of Moby Dick on the ship, and the sinking of the "Pequod" with all her company, are inadequate to the point of anticlimax.

There should have been a more generous descriptive effort at this pass; Melville could picture a scene superbly, and he should have spared no pains to do it here. He seems instead to have adopted an affectation of simplicity. He will rest on his oars now, let the momentum of the book carry it forward, allow the various lines of suspense and horror to culminate of their own accord; in fine, he will sketch the winding up of the piece, leaving the actual descriptive effort to the reader's imagination.

But in this he made a critical error; while it is a fine thing to utilize the reader's imagination, it is disastrous to tax it too far. The last pages of "Moby Dick" do not give us the ending for which we have been prepared; which, with the keenest anticipation, we have been awaiting. Having created such intense suspense, Melville was under the imperative obligation to provide for its satisfaction a flash of equally intense realism. The imagination, having too readily devoured the feast that he has set forth, and finding its hunger only increased thereby, is suddenly let down and disappointed. In this unhappy, defrauded state, it fastens upon the first thing at hand, which is the catastrophe itself; recognizing at once the fantastic nature of that complete oblivion which so causelessly descends on the "Pequod" and her company. For, as a matter of sober fact, a ship of her size would not, in sinking, have drawn down into her vortex an agile cat, much less a crew of whalers, used to being pitched out of boats in the open sea, and

¹ Holdup men.

¹ Get money to pay for a place to sleep.

surrounded with quantities of dunnage for them to ride when the decks had gone from under.

Turning to the last chapter of "Moby Dick," one may note that it contains but a brief paragraph describing the whale's frantic attack on the vessel. No horror is created, no suspense, no feverish excitement. It is another of art's vanished opportunities. There should have been a close-packed page or two of tumultuous visualization; then, with the gigantic whale dashing head-on toward the devoted "Pequod," a pause in the narrative, to let suspense rankle, while a few paragraphs were occupied with a dissertation on the sinking of vessels—not the sinking of vessels by whales, which matter has already been examined, but the sinking of vessels; about how difficult, how unusual, it would be for a ship to carry her whole company beneath the waves; about Starbuck's knowledge of this fact; about their frantic preparations for escape—then, loosing every ounce of reserve literary power, a description of the crash, the catastrophe, the peculiar and malignant combination of circumstances, easily to be imagined, which, in spite of common experience, did actually destroy this whole ship's company. The whale should have dashed among the debris and floating men, after the ship had gone down, to complete the work of destruction. The scene should have been cast in the form of first-person narration, and Ishmael should have been near enough to see it all. (He was adrift, it will be remembered, and did not go down with the vessel; but the return to the first person is reserved for the epilogue, while the crisis of the story is told in an especially vague form of the third person.) We should have been given a final view of the white whale, triumphantly leaving the scene and resuming the interrupted course of his destiny. In short, there are dozens of strokes of realism neglected in this chapter which plainly demand to be driven home.

Melville chose to end the book on a note of transcendentalism; he himself does not seem to have visualized the scene at all. The influence of Hawthorne, one suspects, was largely responsible for this grave error. Hawthorne was living just over the hill in the Berkshires that summer. The intense and lonely Melville had fallen under his fascination; he thought that he had at last found a friend. He was captivated, also, by that vague imaginative method of thought and style out of which Hawthorne wove his tales; and, quite naturally, his own work reflected this influence. For Melville was that man of genius known as the passionate hunter; he was the taster of all sensations, the searcher of all experience, the sampler of every form and style. And, as so often happens with such people, it was his tragic fate never entirely to find himself. The secret quarry of life constantly eluded him.

The influence of Hawthorne is painfully evident throughout the last two-thirds of "Moby Dick"; painfully evident, because it is so incongruous with Melville's natural manner which is that of narrative realism; he must be there in person—he makes the scene alive with amazing vitality where he stands. In the same sense, his natural power of characterization is in the descriptive or analytical field; I am not aware that he has ever put into the mouth of a single character a realistic speech. Wherever, in "Moby Dick," he gets his best effects, he gets them through the exercise of his natural manner. Certain scenes stand out vividly. Certain pages of analytical characterization are instinct with truth and greatness. The natural impulse keeps bursting through. But the bulk of the characterization is cast in a method artificial to him; he constantly tries to raise the pitch of the tale, to inflate the value of the words. Too much of the descriptive matter likewise

is forced through unnatural channels, losing the air of mastery in its adaptation to the less vigorous form of the third person.

Thus the book, in its composition, represents a struggle between realism and mysticism, between a natural and an artificial manner. It begins naturally, it ends artificially. This in a measure explains the strange confusion of the technique, the extravagant use of the two separate persons. Only the most extraordinary creative power could have struck art and achievement from such an alien blend.

What, then, of the allegory?—for we are told that "Moby Dick" is a masterpiece of this form of composition. I must confess that I did not follow the allegory closely, and did not find that it was forced on my attention; and now that I look back on the book, I fail exactly to see wherein it lies. What, for instance, does Ahab represent, and what the white whale? I am not certain that Melville meant the story to be an allegory. In fact, does he not somewhere fiercely disclaim the imputation? But it is the fate of all work done in the manner of transcendentalism to land sooner or later in the rarified atmosphere of allegory, whether it means anything or not, whether or not the allegory seems to point anywhere in particular. Transcendentalism is the stuff of allegory. Melville hated allegory, and would have hated transcendentalism, had he not just then happened to come under the influence of a transcendentalist. This put him in a bad fix, and made him, whether he willed it or not, write a book which looked like allegory. Do we need a better explanation of his turning so fiercely against the imputation?

Not because of its allegorical significance, and not, indeed, because of its mysticism, considered as a thing apart, does this book of the chase of the white whale live among the immortal works of literature; but rather because of its irrepressible triumph of realism over mysticism, because of the inspired and gripping story that builds itself up out of a passionate flow of words. For my part, I like Ahab as Ahab, not as a symbol of something or other; and Ahab lives as Ahab, marvelously enough, in spite of the wild unreality of his constant meditations and ebullitions. Yes, and because of it; the overshadowing demoniac terror of the story lends reality to unreality, charm and substance to mystical formlessness. This is the mark of genius in the creator. Yet even genius may carry things too far; Ahab manages to live as Ahab, but Starbuck—well, Starbuck struts and swells a little, betrayed by an overdose of transcendentalism.

V

If I have seemed to wish that "Moby Dick" had been written in the form of unalloyed narrative realism, that Melville had left off altogether his dalliance with transcendentalism, I would correct the impression now. As a piece of pure realism, the book obviously would not have been the inspired achievement that it is in its present form. The creative struggle that Melville was undergoing at the time of its composition was the intensifying medium through which the work rose to superlative heights. The chapters flow easily, as though he did not realize their duality of form and temper, but felt them to be parts of a unified, continuous product; but the grievous battle taking place within him caused him to produce what actually are gigantic fragments, struck from mountains of fire and anguish, which slowly and ponderously arrange themselves into the delineation of a majestic idea.

"Moby Dick" is not the allegory of Ahab's struggle with destiny; it is rather the story of Melville's struggle

with art and life. Without this struggle, there would have been no agonizing greatness; only another "Typee," a splendid tale, a perfect example of literary realism. But, given the struggle, there had to be from page to page this singular conflict in style and form and matter, the confused, reflected gleams of a hidden conflagration; so that to wish the conflict away would be to wish away the book's divinity.

LINCOLN COLCORD.

THE NATURE OF LAND-VALUE.

IN the previous articles of this series, I have shown that the industry of the United States (and this applies to civilized countries in general) is restricted and obstructed to such an extent that unemployment with all its accompanying evils is a chronic condition. I have also shown that this condition is primarily due to the failure to secure from the holders of land and natural resources adequate payment for the privilege of exclusive possession, while at the same time, and as a direct result of this failure, revenue is collected for governmental purposes by destructive taxation of all those engaging in industry, including the landowners themselves.

It is pertinent now to inquire to what extent it would be wise and expedient to increase the payments for the privilege of land-ownership, and in what manner the increase can best be made. In determining this, it will be of assistance first to imagine a condition somewhat different from that which actually exists. Let us suppose that actual title to the land and natural resources of the country vests in the people as a whole, as represented by their Government, and that when they are required for industrial or residential purposes, these lands and natural resources are leased for an annual rental. Under such a system, obviously, the wise thing to do, in order to protect the interests of all, would be to grant these leases to those who would pay the community the most for them. If, for example, a certain tract of land could be leased in the open market for \$7000 a year, the natural thing would be for the Government to charge no less than this sum to the tenant of the State. But suppose it did otherwise; suppose it charged the State's tenant only \$2000 annually for a tract of land which in his turn he could sub-let to another for \$7000: what would be the result? The power to secure \$7000 annually in ground-rent from a sub-tenant, while paying to the Government only \$2000 annually for exactly the same opportunity, would be a privilege having a net value of \$5000 a year. Evidently, therefore, the tenant of the State would find that he had a lease which he could transfer to another for a premium, which in this case would be approximately equal to the amount of this net rental of \$5000, capitalized at the current rate of interest. Assuming this rate to be five per cent, this lease would carry a premium of somewhere near \$100,000, and if it were the regular practice for the State to lease its land for only two-sevenths of its true ground-rental value, as in the above case, all its leases would carry premiums having roughly the same proportion to the rental value; that is, \$100 of premium to every seven dollars of ground-rental value. Such a practice would have tremendously evil consequences of the nature already described as resulting from inadequate payment for the privilege of holding land in exclusive possession; and under a system of leasing by the State, the folly of the policy of renting land at so much less than its true rental-value would be so obvious that it would not be tolerated.

Nevertheless, the existing system of land-tenure is

not very different from this, for the peculiar and injurious feature of our system of so-called private property in land is the small fraction of the rental value which landowners are required to pay to the State. As a result, holding title to land has a money-value, which we speak of as the value of the land, but which in reality is the value of the premium which attaches to the title because of the privilege of exemption from payment of full rental to the State. In fact, as I have already pointed out in a previous article, landowners are in theory not required to pay any rental at all for the possession of land; and the only reason that the State succeeds in collecting any of the rental, is because it reserves the right to tax as property the value of the "no-rent" premiums which arise because rent as such is not paid.

To make this clear, let us again take as an example a tract of land which can be rented for \$7000, and let us determine what will be the approximate value of this "no-rent" premium, and what will be the relation of the tax levied on this premium to the full rental value of the land. The prospective purchaser of the privilege of appropriating \$7000 of ground-rent, would expect this ground-rent to cover the loss of interest on funds withdrawn from investment to make the purchase, and to cover also the tax on the value of the privilege secured. If the current rate of interest were five per cent and the rate of taxation two per cent, he would expect this ground-rent to be at least seven per cent of his investment which he would therefore limit to \$100,000, of which \$7000 is seven per cent. In other words, the selling-value of a tract of land capable of being rented for \$7000 would be about \$100,000. Now the tax on this sum at two per cent would be \$2000, that is, two-sevenths or approximately thirty per cent of the ground rent, which figure is probably fairly representative of average conditions throughout the United States. If so, it indicates that about seventy per cent of the ground-rental value of land is being appropriated by the landowners; and in order to make up this loss of revenue, the various Governments, Federal, State and Municipal, are obliged to levy all sorts of pernicious taxes on industry.

The owner of an office-building has business-opportunities represented by offices which he leases in return for rents which vary in proportion to the value of the opportunity offered. From these rents he secures all the revenue which is required to operate the building; and it is of no consequence to him whether his tenants make good use of their opportunities or not. If a tenant can not pay the rent, he is expected to vacate; but as long as the rent is paid, the owner of the building does not concern himself about his tenant's business. But now let us suppose that the owner of an office-building, in disposing of the opportunities represented by offices, has adopted a system similar to that in use by modern nations in disposing of the opportunities afforded by exclusive possession of a portion of the public domain, and that you, the reader, have approached the owner of the building for the purpose of leasing an office. In the first place, you will be informed that the owner does not have any offices to dispose of, or at most only the less desirable ones. He will tell you that he charges no rent for offices and that, therefore, those who hold them do not often give them up, even when they cease to use them themselves, but instead they sub-let them or sell title to them at a premium; and that if you wish to secure an office you will have to find some one ready to rent or to sell and will have to make terms with him. Should your curiosity then impel you to ask the owner how he

secures the revenue required to operate the building he will reply somewhat as follows: "In the first place, I ascertain the value of the premium which each office-lease carries because of the fact that I charge no rent and, by levying a tax upon this 'no-rent' premium, I collect a small part of the rental value of the office. As, of course, this does not supply me with enough revenue to run the building, I raise what more is needed in a number of different ways, but principally by levying a tax on the value of the equipment in each office, on the capital invested in the business and on the net income derived therefrom. Also, in order that I may have the necessary information to levy these taxes, I require of each possessor of an office a detailed statement of his business." The absurdity of this proceeding is obvious and yet it is the counterpart of our equally absurd system of land-tenure and collection of revenue.

The remedy for the situation is to collect a larger proportion of ground-rent, and there are two ways in which this may be done. The first is to recognize that a tax on land-value, that is on the "no-rent" premium which title to land carries, is in effect a partial collection of ground-rent, or as John Stuart Mill put it, "the existing land-tax ought not to be regarded as a tax, but as a rent-charge in favour of the public." Next, this land-tax or rent-charge should be increased while actual taxes, properly so called—that is, taxes on buildings and other improvements upon land, on machinery, merchandise, live stock, etc., and on the profits of industry—should be reduced.

This levy of a tax on the "no-rent" premium is, to be sure, a clumsy method of accomplishing the desired result, and it would be far better to require of all land-owners a payment of rent to the community, based directly upon the potential ground-rental value of their holdings. Whichever method be used, however, whether a land-tax or a direct charge as rent, the amount of ground-rent collected for the benefit of the community should be steadily increased until the increase accomplishes two results: (1) until it destroys all inducement to own land for the purpose of forestalling, or monopolizing it; and (2) until it furnishes sufficient revenue to make unnecessary the penalizing of industry by taxation.

Theoretically, the present system of production is based on the principle of freedom for the individual to produce, and to hold what he produces as his property. It is, therefore, in theory at least, the antithesis of socialism, which aims to control the productive activity of the individual and to distribute the product of industry in accordance with needs. The fault of our present system does not lie in its theory of individual liberty, but in the fact that it fails completely to carry out that theory in practice. We insist on "the right to work," and especially so in these days of strikes when the labour-unions appear to be interfering with that right; and we also prate of the sacredness of property-rights. But, at the same time, we deny the right to work by permitting the monopoly of the basic necessities of industry, which are raw materials and land; and we violate the sacredness of property-rights by permitting the Government to confiscate the property of the individual through taxation of the fruits of his industry.

By increasing the rental charge for the privilege of land-ownership, we can break monopoly and abolish taxation, and thus bring into agreement the theory and practice of our system of production. Then we shall have a system of production in accordance with the principles of liberty upon which this nation was founded, a system infinitely superior to any form of socialism, which denies the liberty of the individual. At

present, however, we can not boast that any such superiority to socialism exists.

JOHN S. CODMAN.

(A sixth article by Mr. Codman will appear in next week's issue.)

LETTERS FROM A COUSIN: XI.

LONDON. July, 1922.

It has begun at last to penetrate the thickest of the war-swollen heads, in which so strange an idea of greatness buzzes, that peace and prosperity can not be introduced with a flourish of trumpets, blown by those who have bought them out of the public funds. Thought is necessary, but thought is impossible with a buzzing head, and also horrible when you have to face the facts for which our politicians are responsible, facts which can only be summed up in the terrible phrase, the three years vacuum. Indeed there is nothing to be thought or said about it, for what can you say about a vacuum except that there is nothing in it? But when you have said that, you have arrived at the only possible basis for reconstruction: cancellation of everything thought, said and done during the hysterical years 1918-1921 when the Europeans in panic refused to comply with the will of humanity to have a world more in accordance with the condition of the human mind. Why the Europeans thought they could stop it by killing each other God only knows, but that is their peculiar mania. They tried to stop both the Renaissance and the Reformation in that way, but apparently have always been incapable of learning anything from failure. I do not think they have learned anything now, because they do not really believe in the existence of anything outside Europe. America, for instance, is still a myth, in spite of Columbus and the millions who have followed him, while as for South Africa, I have become a ghost through having been there, a place as remote and unreal as Heaven; and so powerful is this European egoism that it is distilled into provincialism, so that your Londoner believes only in London, your Parisian in Paris, your Berliner in Berlin. Nationalism has nothing to do with it, except as an instrument in the hands of these metropolitans when they require armies. Each metropolitan lunatic believes that Europe and, a fortiori, the universe is comprised in his metropolis, and they all break into hysterical laughter when you talk about New York, which they like to believe is as remote and unimportant as Cape Town.

The delusion is metaphysical, the obstinate superstition that, because the universe must have a centre, it must be I—London, Paris or Berlin, with Moscow raising a horrid, raucous voice to disturb the chorus. The delusion produces insanity, and the insanity produces murder, and murder marks down any powerful mind that has stepped or even ventured to look outside the vicious circle, as in the case of Rathenau, who had had the temerity to envisage a new society, a tentative imperfection which is implicitly a reflection on the perfect horror of existing arrangements. Egoism works that way: achieving its perfection in disaster in which self-worship can have the final orgy of martyrdom.

There is no way out of it. The Europeans have taken it into their heads to run counter to humanity. They call the toughness of their resistance democracy and insist on making the world safe for it by starving and murdering every one else. They have not the intelligence to know what they are doing and they point to their machinery as the reason and the justification of it all, forgetting in favour of their delusion, that machinery has been evolved in order to procure more food, clothing and shelter than can be obtained by hand. That forgotten, machinery has been used to underline the hypothesis that London or Paris or Berlin is the centre of the universe, which is all very well, human beings being what they are, except that you can not eat a hypothesis or wear it on your back.

London, however, is beginning to suspect that the hypothesis is bad business. London for a hundred years

(since Pitt) has been unable to decide whether it belongs more in spirit to America or to Europe, and still can not make up its mind on this point. The British Empire is a compromise, the result of activity indulged in to avoid facing the alternative—"How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away." Like other important problems it can be decided only by a sufficiently extreme financial pressure, and it seems likely that the decision may be postponed for another hundred years because it is too difficult to come to terms either with European egoism or American sentimentality, the two failings which result in there being no actual Europe and no actual America, but only Berlin and Paris afraid of each other, and on the other hand New York afraid of Washington and Washington afraid of the American people.

This analysis leads directly to the conclusion that the chief stumbling block in the way of any financial accommodation is the fatal belief held in Washington that the American public can only be approached sentimentally, though, to every intelligent European observer it is obvious that American shrewdness is paramount, as, for instance, in the instinctive repudiation of the treaty of Versailles and the very thorough wrecking of Wilsonism—enough of course to frighten any State Department and to throw any organizer out of his stride. It is natural enough that Wilson's successors do not wish to go the way of Wilson, but their insistence on the sentimentality of their public and their deliberation until their problem can be stated in a sentimental formula is probably the best way to procure that result. What is going to happen when the American public forgets its hatred of the Bolsheviks as suddenly as it forgot its hatred of the Germans? The abrupt collapse of a sedulously inculcated illusion jolts an administration out of the saddle; and then what? Probably in every centre there will be administrations that will not get into the saddle. Jobs will be filled, but the jobs will have become sinecures—a very effective way of disposing of ambitious men.

It is a slow process, this repudiation of crumbled institutions and collapsed machinery, because it can not be done openly without admission of more villainy than the mind can grasp. It is so slow that I doubt that any but the British mind can accept its *tempo* and put up with the inevitable absence of gesture. You can feel London stretching itself in languid relief that there is after all nothing in this communist business and accepting any arrangement which stops short of that—which has never been defined, and being pure fantasy, never could become precise. Vaguely, it means being unwashed and excited and angry and upsetting the Bank of England. Any change short of that seems to the British mind a harmless caprice like, shall we say, a European war or a revolution in China or a South American republic, something to be indulged and financed if there is any security whatsoever.

Apropos, a certain London financier, being forced to realize the existence of America, and wishing to find out something about it, read—not Wells or Bennett or the *Freeman*—but "Martin Chuzzlewit" and Dickens's "American Notes"; which goes to support a theory of mine that the world lives on its men of genius about seventy years after they are dead. I suppose this is practical, but it is going to be disconcerting for the envoys of Wall Street when, entering the city of London, they find themselves confronted with Charles Dickens. London, however, is like that. The London mind can not and will not catch up with anything younger than three generations back, for youth *will* introduce an improper speculative element into business. Try a thing or a method out for three generations and then London will support it. Anything else is rash and disreputable. London has painfully and grudgingly accepted the inventions of the last fifty years and is just beginning to forgive their introduction, but *au fond*, this metropolis is the same old heaven of the mossback—and I love it, because without philosophy it has the imperturbability of the philosopher, and, having no philosophy, it can endure the

toothache patiently. Was there ever a more perfect Londoner than Shakespeare, not a myriad-minded man, not a poet in a passion, but a British craftsman indulging every passion, every thought, every human dream, as a caprice which in three generations or so might have a cash value and be amenable to the operations of sound finance? I would place Dickens next among Londoners—as an awful warning to Americans who cherish the delusion that there must be a short cut out of the present uncomfortable state of affairs. London will perhaps begin to think about it in the year 2022.

GILBERT CANNAN.

MOSCOW: SPRING, 1922.

KRASSIN told me that the revolution was a living thing. "It is successful," he added, "but not finished." It was necessary for him, he explained, to come to Moscow at least once in three months in order to see the changes and developments.

The correctness of this viewpoint becomes apparent to anyone who has lived in Russia even as short a time as a month. No doubt Moscow will be in 1923 quite different from the city I saw in the Spring of 1922—but what I saw was Moscow under the revolution, none the less.

Ludwig Martens took me to the Kremlin—so that I could see the Kremlin—and I saw Moscow. From the walls of that ancient capitol the city spreads on all sides like a panorama painted for the entertainment of a potentate out of the Arabian Nights. It was from these selfsame walls that the great Corsican watched old Moskva burn like a beautiful pyre which consumed his glory and his career. From one of these walls, we too saw what appeared as a fire. It was the full spring sun bracing itself against the golden dome of Chram Christa Spasitielya.

"What a city—what a jewel of antiquity!" I exclaimed. "Yes," said Comrade Martens, "it is all that—but it is also a jewel which will need the combined efforts of all its population to save it for our children. No, I am not referring to attacks and counter-revolutions; that danger seems fortunately to have passed. There is something much less exciting, but just as vital, which needs our united effort—construction and sanitation."

From our position the fact was not evident that the city, with all its thousands of glittering domes, was in need of any such material care. "Yet," continued Martens, "there are to-day over twenty thousand houses in need of repair; practically uninhabitable. Our water system needs entire overhauling and the drainage system has had no supervision for years. Our water pumps are pumping too much water into defective mains and pipes. The unabsorbed water is percolating through the foundations, and the walls and the houses tumble down from sheer lack of care. It is almost eight years since the war started, and during all those years there has been neither the time nor the desire to repair—nor have there been any materials available for that purpose. Just imagine an eight-year war in America with civil war added to it, beside a revolution and blockade; picture what your conditions would be—even though the United States stands at the head of all the industrial countries—and then you can perhaps begin to realize what the Russian disorganization means. You speak of the unsanitary conditions of our depots. Do you know how many thousands of refugees these depots have had to house?"

We had passed the Great Bell, and approached a Government building guarded by a Mongolian sentry.

"That sentry," said the former Russian representative in America, "ought to be paid by the capitalist press. He is the author of the tale that Comrade Lenin can not trust Russian soldiers and must have Mongolians to guard him. The truth is that there are but a few Mongolians here in the Kremlin—and Comrade Lenin does not live here. He has been quite ill for some time and is living in a suburb."

The story brought back to my mind the anecdote they tell at the Foreign Office. Whenever a new American

correspondent arrives they wait for his first three or four dispatches. It is safe to predict that among them will be a report that there is a scarcity of dogs in the streets of Moscow. So far the prediction has not failed to be realized.

Suddenly from one of the large barracks in the Kremlin sounded a chorus of thousands of male voices. It was the Red Army singing revolutionary songs. I smiled and said to Martens, "They should worry!"

"They do," Martens replied, "and if we had peace these energies would be released to our factories; for all we need in order to make Moscow as safe and as sanitary as it is beautiful are factory-products—bricks, pipe, iron and paint. We have the ore, the lead and the clay. It will all come some day, Comrade Recht," he concluded, "some day when you and I are here no longer, but as long as we can lay the foundation so that our children may build on it . . ."

In the centre of the Kremlin, the Red cavalry was exercising. The young soldiers, armed with huge spears, and mounted on well groomed horses, followed each other at top speed to an appointed spot, where they thrust their spears through a target on the ground. Recovering the spears they threw them high in the air and, still racing along, caught them and made ready for the next target, which hung on a wooden beam. This target they barely touched with their spear points, and having finished the manoeuvre, they turned back again towards their starting point. Afterwards, while their horses were speeding they dismounted and remounted. Such feats of horsemanship I had seen only in the circus. No wonder that these "Budenny's boys" were considered the flower of the Red army!

A large limousine appeared quite unexpectedly. A soldier was sitting with the chauffeur and inside sat a man in military uniform. The door opened and the man who stepped out was the Commissar of War himself—Trotzky. Quietly, and entirely unobserved by the men at practice, he watched the manoeuvres. After a while he re-entered the car and drove off. The sentries saluted, the gates swung open and he disappeared into the city.

We continued our journey, passing along the walls on the side towards the river.

"Look at the condition of this street," said Comrade Martens. "Those stones that you see piled up along the wall were brought here for repairs. The war interfered and they have been lying here ever since. In short," he concluded as we reached the bridge over which Napoleon had entered the Kremlin, "we are in a state of economic exhaustion and we are in need of everything—principally of peace and food."

On the way to my hotel I passed many broken-down, falling buildings, some of them now reduced to nothing but a heap of bricks. On Kuznestsy Most, Moscow's principal street, there is a building of which nothing but the walls remain. That, however, is an historical relic. It was burned down in the early days of the war in anti-German riots. The fact remains, however, that it is there in all of its hideous emptiness, whatever the cause, and it is only one of thousands of buildings scattered throughout the city which have fallen and are falling because of the conditions described by Martens. The Government has offered to give to anyone who will repair a house, a long lease, with freedom from rent and taxes, to compensate him for the expense. Many would be glad to take advantage of this offer, for the shortage of houses is more acute in Moscow than in any other of the war-stricken cities, but there is no material wherewith to repair and to rebuild. Over at the University, the scaffolding which was put up there some years ago when repairing was being done, is still there. Somehow I was reminded of the sleeping castle in the fairy tale of The Sleeping Beauty.

I reached the hotel and undressed for bed. It was late. Outside, those dogs which the reporters can not find were making a tremendous din. Somewhere, some one was singing in a half-Oriental monotone, plaintively repeating the selfsame tune. I could not sleep. Swing-

ing the windows wide open I looked out into the deserted streets.

The moon which has for centuries covered with its silver sheen the many-domed city of the tsars, looked down at me with a wistful eye. It undoubtedly saw it all—all the *fata Morgana* of promise and the skeleton-spectre show of reality. The shabby bridge over the Moskva, the imperial insignia still above the Kremlin, the revolutionary monuments, and the crumbling city-catacombs sheltering misery and a new faith. From its privileged position it watched this city of Moskva in its heroic Iliad or its opera bouffe, whichever it may be—for it threw a bright calcium light on *pereoluk* and *ploshad*. And what can the moon be seeing here to-night in this city? I wondered.

Down the Tverskaya a nonchalant, conical-shaped, squatting *izvostchik* proceeds at a half trot, cooing softly to his horse. He passes many dark hallways where huddled, homeless figures of men seek shelter, and an itching sleep. He passes by a brightly lighted café before which other droshkis are standing, waiting for their bargaining patrons. Inside the café, caracul-capped speculators speak in low tones of values and bargains and foreign exchanges. In the private dining rooms, champagne is being opened and gypsies are chanting their weird songs to the men and women of the new bourgeoisie. The *izvostchik* goes on, past the near-by dancing-school, where the old master is patiently putting beautiful young children through their final ballet-lessons for the night—training new creators of pleasure and beauty for other generations than his to enjoy. Farther still goes the *izvostchik*, past a tall building in which lights are still burning, where a Commissar is labouring with documents, trying to duplicate the biblical feat of making a single coarse, pasty loaf of bread feed many mouths. Now he reaches the Bolshoi theatre, past the department store where a window-dresser is putting the finishing touches on his perfunctory display of various sorts of merchandise. Father up the street, the *izvostchik* passes two soldiers leading a prisoner—a bandit—to his certain punishment—death. Their overcoats are shabby and tattered. The stocks of their bayoneted guns are of plain unvarnished and unpainted wood, and for the strap they have a piece of plain hempen rope. Above the bullet-spattered wall of the Kremlin, over the graves of the heroes of the revolution, where lies the body of my friend, Jack Reed, floats the Red banner. Quietly and unostentatiously it floats on the air, this much-feared emblem, looking over the Chinese walls along the Ilyinka where the "Boursie" is conducted and where, in spite of new management, "business as usual" prevails. The old and the new elbow each other. All of this the old moon following the *izvostchik* undoubtedly sees—and much more.

It sees the drops of water which are slowly running along the thousands of walls, making buildings damp and uninhabitable; it sees the perspiring, suffering humanity crowded into these buildings; it listens to the crumbling and the slow cracking of the walls and the foundations. It hears artists discussing their music and their dreams. It hears the discussions of plans for Utopian revolutions, and the whispered schemes of counter-revolutionists for overthrow and bloodshed. All of this and much more shall grow, change and ripen, and ten years from now the selfsame moon shall move in the selfsame path. I look up at him and call out to him: "Say old fellow, let us make an appointment here, you and I—ten years from now. What do you say?"

But he says nothing—just grins and moves on. The dogs are still very much in evidence—so I shut the window. I sink into a reverie concerning Lenin's last speech about the new economic policy, and while my friend across the way continues his monotonous chant, I fall asleep. I seem to be transported into an exquisite city where dwell beautiful men and women of Tartar origin; and high above the city, a fantastic, grinning moon slowly walks across the sky.

CHARLES RECHT.

POETRY.

"CLASSIC DANCING."

"Dance from the Dionysiac Mysteries"
 The programme says: A grove of trees
 Where stand
 Two marble vases, one on either hand,
 To make the "classic" atmosphere
 For the tall maidens who appear,
 Wearing each a dappled skin,
 Bearing each a cone-tipped wand
 And ivy wreath, and now begin
 With much mad movement of their supple knees,
 Much brandishing
 Of their well-powdered arms in air,
 A dance that is a curious thing
 To bear
 That name. Awhile I watch them there,
 Then turn away and close my eyes, and cling
 With all my might to some old memories
 And the old dreams they bring.

There came a cry at midnight on the mountain,
 Tearing its veil of mystery;
 The grasses tremble and the rocks are wet . . .
 Dark root and hidden fountain . . .
 Creep closer yet . . .
 Have you forgotten her—can you forget—
 Her of the Ground?—
 Touching her breast in ritual ecstasy
 Each quivering vein
 Runs white again
 With the memorial lightning and the sound
 Of thunder shakes the glen.
 Bromios, god of voices, the old doom
 Has fallen upon the woman, yet her eyes shall see
 Thy radiant epiphany,
 O god of bloom.

ᾠ Σεμέλας, ὦ Διὸς παῖ...

What life can lure us from thee, or divide,
 Thou beautiful on every mountain-side?
 What love of lover or of child
 Betray
 The feet that seek thy way,
 Thou pure and wild?
 We know the secret of thy hidden things,
 Thy power and whence it springs,
 Lord of all blossoming . . .

ἀναχορεύσωμεν Βάκχιον...

Where thy down-dropping tendrils run,
 Drinking the sun,
 Till the blond plain is fair
 With the rich clusters of thy hair;
 Where circling bees
 Swing through thy drowsy reveries,
 We follow, for we know
 How sweet are these,
 And sweeter things that flow
 Where thy glad footsteps go . . .

ρεῖ δὲ γάλακτι πέδον, ρεῖ δ' οἶνω...

And we will dwell with winds that waken,
 With evening dew and morning mist,
 And sleek and shining forms that creep
 And bound away,
 Soon to be overtaken
 By forms more fleet than they;
 Light limbs that leap,
 White throat back-flung and darting wrist—
 Soon shall we clutch and keep
 And make their wild life ours
 And drink their silvan powers!
 O maddened eucharist,
 O revels deep . . .
 Magic of trees that sway,
 Magic of swaying flowers,
 Magic of sleep . . .

αὐτίκα γῇ πᾶσα χορεύσει...

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW.

THE THEATRE.

DILUTED ART.

A FEW weeks ago there was presented at the Earl Carroll Theatre an exhibit which, advertised as a Kaleidoscopic Revel, resolved itself into what might be regarded as a complete case for and against imagination in the American theatre. In the "Pin Wheel Revue" were all the incongruities dear to the heart of the Broadway producer: it contained the fundamentals of every successful summer "show"; yet it occupied its ornate surroundings scarcely a month. The reasons for this singular failure—so different from the causes assigned to it by the managerial experts—seem to me to have such far-reaching implications that a consideration of the inception, development and metamorphosis of this event is not only interesting but important.

Michio Itow, who is not only an extraordinary dancer but a contributor to various efforts which have brought colour and design to the native stage, planned an entertainment that would delight the eyes and ears of the average intelligent person. Its appeal was to be chiefly rhythmical—by no means an innovation, if one remember Pavlova's annual appearances—and in its variety of mood and music it was designed to be a cross between the Russian Ballet and the vaudeville of the Chauve-Souris. As such it would undoubtedly have had a distinctive character and integrity. A few days before the opening night, however, the gentlemen who carried the fortunes of the venture in their pockets suddenly grew apprehensive of failure: they became panic-stricken and decided that undiluted art was, after all, too great a risk. Not that they were against art, which was a grand thing—in its place, of course. But the difficulty lay in getting the public to see it that way. If it could only be toned down or speeded up or—the very thing!—be carried along by some well-known comedian. The result was that, a few evenings later, the "Pin Wheel Revue" presented the following incredible programme.

First came the blatant overture to "Zampa," indifferently performed on the orchestra-lift which conferred upon the audience the dubious privilege of both hearing and seeing the musicians, and which (I speak by the book) had elicited the personal interest of Mr. William B. Crowell of the Elevator Supplies Company and Mr. Floyd C. Furlow, President of the Otis Elevator Company. The æsthetics of motion having thus been successfully introduced, Mr. Raymond Hitchcock appeared before the curtain and proceeded to inform his listeners why he had consented to appear as part of the entertainment: he told them that they were in for an evening of highbrow art and, after ten minutes of consistently humourless jokes about cults and workers who care more for their work than for money, allowed the performance to begin on a note so different in tone that it affected the audience with the force of a physical shock. For here, placed in an angular pattern of screens, was a single pastoral figure that moved, with austerity of poise and balance, to the delicate modulations of Debussy. This chastity of mood was maintained by the illustrated singing of an old English folk-song by Miss Rosalind Fuller and Yuji Itow, which was followed by another Debussy dance. The audience, having adjusted itself to this unexpected mood, was keyed up to a pitch of unusual sensitivity and applauded enthusiastically. Whereupon Mr. Hitchcock stepped in to make a few more lugubrious witticisms on the art of art, in the course of which he and Frank Fay (his associate "fun-maker") extracted all the possibilities out of the word

"symbolic," concluding with its kinship to "simp." Having effectually destroyed the effect of the first number, the cheap stupidity of this interrupting dialogue considerably reduced the receptivity of the audience towards the next number, in which five girls in colours that suggested a mediæval tapestry restored by Augustus John, moved with an ecclesiastical reverence through the measures of Tschaikowsky's "Andante Cantabile."

Thus the performance progressed on a seemingly definite plan of disruption. Zoltan Hecht's powerful "Psalm of Work" found its immediate and amazing sequel in the singing of "Silver stars above, tell me that I love," by Messrs. Hitchcock and Fay, and attendant femininity. The clean-cut grace of Margaret Petit's exquisite Repetition de Danse, which is like a group of Degas's ballet girls suddenly come to life, was spoiled by being preceded by the dullest prohibition vaudeville-act ever seen south of Armonk, a lengthy imbecility whose chief appeal for laughter was based on the theory that it is screamingly funny for a character called Prof. Reindroppe to be referred to during the performance as Prof. Snowflake, Prof. Hailstorm, Prof. Rubbercoat, etc.

Naturally, during this queer hodge-podge of offerings, the audience, not being gifted with extra-human flexibility, found itself increasingly puzzled; and since confusion is neither a gratification to the spirit nor a benefit to the box-office, Michio Itow and his fellow-workers have learned that Broadway can not be taught to appreciate beauty by having it interlarded with patronizing sneers. It is a pity that they have had to have their lesson at such length, for their prospectus gave a promise of that higher vaudeville of which we are constantly dreaming and for which we had to wait until M. Baliev's organization presented it to us. One hopes that it is not too late for another and less crudely compromising attempt. I do not know to what expedient Mr. Itow resorted in his unsuccessful revival of the revue, for I was out of town during its brief run, but I would have suggested that he vary his already varied programme of dances with border ballads accompanied by pantomime acted in the manner of the "Coq D'Or." Turning to more native folk-material, he could have vivified the Kentucky Mountain Lonesome Tunes, the rarely heard Creole songs, the cowboy material collected by Lomax. For sheer fantasy, nothing shown by the Chauve-Souris has equalled the intimate whimsy of Alfred Kreymborg's "Plays for Poem-Mimes," the more ambitious "Plays for Merry-Andrews," or Vachel Lindsay's "Poem-Games and Dumb-show Chants." Nor need burlesque have been omitted. The authors of "To the Ladies" have shown that satire can be substituted for slap-stick, and Mr. Itow himself has proved—in "Lilies of the Field," a travesty on æsthetic dancing—that the artists themselves can turn both creation and criticism into creative comedy. It may even be done, some day, in a Broadway theatre. But—and this is what the Theatre Guild, the Provincetown Players and the Neighbourhood Playhouse could have saved Mr. Itow the trouble of learning—it can not be begun there.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

TRADES UNIONS UNLAWFUL.

SIRS: One hundred years ago, labour in England was in a state of bestial slavery. Trade unionism was a crime. The British Government sent thousands of men to prison and to the penal colonies for attempting to organize trade unions to better the conditions of the working people. Australia and New

Zealand were founded by such criminals: that is one reason why they have the most enlightened Governments in the world. When enough people had broken the law, it was repealed, and trade unions became legalized. That is the natural course of events—salvation by negation. Such lawbreakers save the people from being absolutely at the mercy of Governments. If everybody obeyed every law we should soon have a race that grew wool instead of hair, and the Government would be the great shepherd.

A United States court has recently grasped civilization by the throat and hurled it one hundred years back through the aisles of time. On 22 July, at Charleston, West Virginia, three coal-miners were sentenced to six months each in prison for violating an injunction by Federal Judge McClintic. The charge against them, made by the Loup Creek Coal Company, was that they were trying to organize the non-union miners. Organizing a union was the crime.

The owners of coal-mines may organize to their hearts' content, and they may charge the public any price they wish for the coal that old Mother Nature put into the ground a hundred million years before there was a man on the face of the earth. But the men who go down into the dark caverns of the earth and, in the face of death, bring out this precious commodity, are denied by order of a United States judge the right to unite as brothers in order to protect themselves from some of the richest and most ruthless exploiters in the world. By this act, the Government takes away from these poor miners the right which they secured a hundred years ago, and which no civilization since that day has denied them.

I am concerned for the miners, their wives and children; but I am concerned more for the rest of us. I am concerned for the society that can take such a step; a society which is manoeuvring itself into a situation from which it can not be saved by its thoughtful and constructive citizens alone, but must first look to its lawbreakers to prepare the way. Without such lawbreakers, slavery is the fate of the working people. That is the extremity to which rulers are driving the world in this year 1922. They are creating a situation in which the criminal becomes the hope of the masses. I am, etc.,

New York City.

J. P. WARBASSE.

CONCERNING ATROCITIES.

SIRS: I note, in your issue of 16 August, a letter signed "B. P. Salmon," in reply to my "Atrocities in the Making," in your issue of 12 July. Since your correspondent limits himself to a mere statement of his own private opinion, giving no dates and quoting no authorities save anonymous ones such as "those of us who are familiar with the Near East" and "plenty of testimony from American sources," finishing up with a few shop-worn melodramatic phrases, there is nothing for me to say in reply, except call attention to these various sins of omission and commission. I am, etc.,

Yonkers, New York.

HELEN WOLJESKA.

A DEPRESSING SUGGESTION.

SIRS: It is not often that your excellent paper departs from the straight and narrow path it has marked out for itself, but it seems to me that you are getting off the track when you suggest a change in our national anthem for the reasons set forth in your editorial of 26 July.

You say "the use of such music and poetry in a national hymn is a serious reflection upon the culture and the æsthetic sensibilities of the nation that uses them."

Why not admit in realistic *Freeman* fashion that the use of "The Star Spangled Banner," with its "poor-as-Job's-turkey music" and its "doggerel poetry," is a true index of the "culture and æsthetic sensibilities" of these United States? I am, etc.,

Dallas, Texas.

CARL BRANNIN.

MODERNISM IN THE SYMPHONY.

SIRS: I was recently much flattered to receive from a well-known festival-association of the Middle West, an invitation to compete in a prize-contest for an orchestral composition to take about fifteen minutes in performance. The alluring prize of \$1000 was offered to the successful composer. Feeling myself unqualified and desiring at least vicariously to enter the contest, I forwarded the invitation to a musician friend of mine from whom comes the following programme:

"My idea for an orchestral composition would be something distinctly American. I think that a Symphonic Poem entitled 'The Uplifters' would be about the thing and will give us a wonderful opportunity. There would be themes descriptive of the War Mothers, the Boy Scouts, the Woman's Book Club, the Epworth League, the American Legion, the Ku Klux Klan (a stealthy movement), the Four-minute Talkers,

the Dollar-a-Year men, the Movie Censors, the various types of pulpit-exhorters (regular and evangelist), to mention a few. And how about a Suffragette Patrol?

"Intermezzo: 'The North Wind Spake to the Short Skirt Girls'; The Dry Brigade with musical sketches of Bryan, Daniels, Izzy Einstein and Moe Smith, working in melodic bits such as 'I won't get drunk any more,' 'Der Mann im Keller,' 'Old King Cole' v. Breath Control.

"Birth Control and Race Suicide shall be depicted somehow (but how?). And I feel that we could do justice to the Sabbath-Day-Enforcement League, and could even represent musically the Five-Foot Shelf and picture the Tired Business Man as well as some of his aphorisms such as 'Business Is Good,' 'Do It Now,' 'Be a Self-Starter,' 'Learn a Thing a Day,' 'Keep Smiling.' The Strikebreaker theme should be forceful yet display considerable agility as well, while the Lounge Lizard should be represented languishing—a beautiful contrast. Jazz itself demands recognition and careful treatment—how about an explanatory note on the programme pointing out the principal theme of 'The Hobo's Life'—a wonderful chance here, for some fine characterization: Cocaine Mag, and Morphine Sue. The Starving Miners in a chorus, 'Give us this day our daily bread' followed by 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' accompanied with crack of rifles and the hum of machine guns (Battle of Gettysburg style).

"These are a few themes that suggest themselves as material for treatment—and it's never been done before. Think of the finale where Flappers (theme), Anti-Divorce Movement, Hooch Hound, College Professor, are all sounded at once; 'Oh give us a drink Bartender,' and 'Grape Fruit Bacchanale' strive for mastery and at the very end one is in doubt whether the victory goes to the Ethylic Spirit or to the Citrus Fruit! The possibilities are endless! Timely, one hundred per cent Americano, 'The Uplifters' should mark a new era in the development of the Symphonic Poem. Marginal decorations in the programme: a dryad drunk on wood alcohol, a preacher denouncing divorce and saying to the *treponema pallidum*, 'Hush, thou unwelcome guest,' and kindred bright and witty illustrations, annotations and the like. I repeat, the possibilities are endless.

"But the first melodic theme fails to suggest itself. Let us, however, dare and do."

I am, etc.,

Newark, New Jersey

SPAULDING FRAZER

MR. RUSSELL'S PROSODY.

SIRS: In your issue of 5 July, Mr. Charles Edward Russell asks me to cite some lines of verse which are "murdered" by scansion according to the method of Lanier. I mentioned one or two in my previous letter, and I shall begin now by mentioning the line scanned by Mr. Russell:

Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens and shades of death.

Mr. Russell divides this line into eight feet and says that that division will shock the precisians. That is the only point in his whole letter with which I agree. It will. Furthermore, one of the greatest precisians in the course of English literary history was John Milton, the author of that line; and if Mr. Russell thinks that John Milton was for a moment capable of departing from his pattern—"English heroic verse . . . apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables," to use his own description—by suddenly injecting a line of eight feet, I fear he will find few to agree with him. Certainly Lanier's two most prominent British disciples, Dr. D. S. MacColl and Mr. William Thompson (see "Essays and Studies of the English Association," Vol. 5), both holding that blank verse is in three-eight time, agree that that particular line is a "resolution into duple time"; and Robert Bridges, who has a perfect ear for verse, reads the line as I scanned it ("Milton's Prosody," page 40). But if Mr. Russell again says that this is relying on English or Oxonian ears, I shall come back to the testimony of my own ears and ask him if he does not admit that there are any pauses between the syllables of that line, and, if there are, why he has not indicated them in his notation—I thought one of the advantages of using semi-quavers for noting verse was that one could also use rests?

It is this ignoring of the silences that accounts for the fact that Mr. Russell can not distinguish between the two readings of:

The sun, the moon, the seas, the stars, the hills. —

In the case where that line has the syllables "and the plains" tacked on to it, we read it in three-eight time, not

merely because it is longer, but because it is in a different context. Mere length has little to do with it. Omond cites a line by Swinburne, which, if I remember aright is:

Thou art older and colder of spirit and blood than I,

and that line is read in duple time because it is in a context of duple time verse.

Now to come to Mr. Russell's request. I shall give only one example but it ought to be final, because it does not depend on my trying to read a line in three-eight time that was not intended for that, as Mr. Russell suggests I may have done, but really I can not imagine any reader of poetry deliberately trying to read it in any musical time-signature when the word-arrangement is a sufficient guide. It is from Lanier himself. We all remember Tennyson's poem beginning:

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O sea.

The first line of this suggested to Lanier that the poem was in three-eight time, so he scanned it thus—I use fractions instead of notes for convenience and "/" over the syllable marks the accent:

| | | | | | | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------|----------------------|---|
| (rest) $\frac{1}{8}$ | Break, $\frac{1}{4}$ | (rest) $\frac{1}{8}$ | break, $\frac{1}{4}$ | (rest) $\frac{1}{8}$ | break, $\frac{1}{4}$ | } | |
| On thy $\frac{1}{8}$ | cold $\frac{1}{8}$ | grey $\frac{1}{8}$ | stones, $\frac{1}{4}$ | O sea! $\frac{1}{8}$ | (rest) $\frac{1}{8}$ | (rest) $\frac{1}{8}$ | } |
| And I $\frac{1}{8}$ | would $\frac{1}{8}$ | that $\frac{1}{8}$ | my tongue $\frac{1}{4}$ | could utter $\frac{1}{8}$ | (rest) $\frac{1}{8}$ | (rest) $\frac{1}{8}$ | } |
| The thoughts $\frac{1}{8}$ | that $\frac{1}{8}$ | arise $\frac{1}{4}$ | in me. $\frac{1}{8}$ | (rest) $\frac{1}{8}$ | (rest) $\frac{1}{8}$ | | } |

The first thing we notice about this scansion is that in order to fit the words to it we have to clip "grey" to half the time of "cold" and "stones" although it actually takes as long as either to pronounce. Note, too, that in the last line "that" is said in half the time of the "a" in "arise." Let us ask, too, how a poem could begin with a rest of one-eighth, unless Mr. Lanier indicated it with a conductor's baton. Secondly, we note that in the third line, the accent on "would" comes almost in the middle of the bar; it ought to begin or end a bar, or else there is nothing but Lanier's caprice to tell us what actually constitutes the bar. As a matter of fact, the equal time-intervals are not between these arbitrary bar-marks of Lanier, but, in all English accentual verse, they are between the stresses. Now, remembering that Tennyson, who wrote the poem, either knew nothing of Lanier's theory, or, if he knew it, did not believe in it, let us scan it just as we would read it naturally. For simplicity we may omit the quantity-marks which are only approximations, anyhow.

Break, / A break, / A break, /
On thy cold / grey stones / O sea!
And I would / that my tongue / could ut / ter
The thoughts / that arise / in me.

(Pauses between lines are not indicated as they are extra-metrical and vary with different readers.)

Tennyson knew about quantity, and he knew that "on thy cold"—two short syllables and a long, was equivalent in time to "grey stones"—two long syllables. He surely wished that we should observe the quantities here, for they are the natural quantities of the words, and one commentator has even pointed out that the three long words, "cold, grey stones," coming together, give us an echo of the "break, break, break." The remainder of the poem, too, fits into this scheme. The "A" of course denotes a silence where a syllable would normally be.

A final word: Mr. Russell's supposition that Lanier is not usually accepted simply because his system is American, is an exhibition of a national inferiority-complex where there is no excuse for it. English scholars, particularly Mr. Omond in the history I have mentioned, admit that we have lately done more work in prosody in America than has been done in England, and Mr. Omond makes generous references to and excerpts from it. Indeed, Lanier to-day has more distinguished followers in England than he has in America, where experiments with the phonograph have undermined his presuppositions. I am, etc.,

Chicago, Illinois.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

BOOKS.

AN UNUSUAL TEXTBOOK.

IN his preface to this posthumous work¹ of Professor Botsford, the editor modestly states that it is intended to serve primarily as a textbook for college courses in Greek history. If our colleges use textbooks of such excellence in their historical courses, they are to be sincerely congratulated. It is a textbook such as one occasionally meets in the literature of the natural sciences, a scientific compendium made by a first-rate master of his subject. Dr. Botsford was more than a specialist, however exact or profound; he exhibits broad intelligence, an extraordinary faculty for correlating literature and life, and the rare technical literary skill which is necessary if one is to cover in five-hundred pages the whole field of Greek history, from the prehistoric Minoan age, made known to us only in the last generation or two through archaeological excavation and research, down to the Roman conquest.

In their treatment of the social and political struggles of the ancient Greeks, historians have invariably evinced a healthy partisanship. Dr. Botsford's sympathies are with the democrats as against the oligarchs, and with the city-States as against the centralizing force imposed by the Macedonian monarchy. It was the bitter class-conflicts between the few and the many that inevitably led to the rise of tyrannies in ancient Hellas as they do in modern times. We have seen in our day a Luxemburg, a Liebknecht, an Eisner, even a moderate Catholic politician like Erzberger, done to death by menaced privilege; so likewise during the later stages of the Peloponnesian war, it was the policy of the oligarchic party in Athens to intimidate the multitude by assassinating their leaders. In the fourth century before the present era, "as in the preceding century, the rule of the few meant not only an utter want of justice for the many, but a policy directed to their enslavement." Under the Athenian democracy, on the contrary, slaves, freedmen and alien residents, or metics, were allowed extraordinary liberty. A blow was illegal, and a slave would not step aside to let a citizen pass him in the street. In Periclean Athens, at least outside the mines, "slaves were treated with more kindness and consideration than have been accorded even to common citizens under oligarchies, or, we may safely say, to modern factory-hands and the denizens of sweatshops, by modern employers." Moreover, in the construction of the Parthenon and other public works of Athens, the same daily wage was granted to the slave who was hired out by his master, to the metic and the freeman, to underling and contractor and architect; and Dr. Botsford remarks that in this may be found evidence of the lack of distinction between artist and artisan, and a practical expression of the democratic spirit. On reading this, one feels that perhaps Dr. Botsford might not have regarded Leninism as a sheer, unprecedented novelty.

At all events, one is not surprised when Dr. Botsford sets down "to the credit" of Greek cities, the mild Fabianism of supporting from the public purse physicians who treated citizens free of charge. One may be, however, a little surprised at his approval of the large Athenian juries, which normally included 501 citizens. The Athenians, he says, felt that no smaller number could adequately represent the wishes

and interests of the whole people who, if democracy was to be more than a pretence, must needs exercise judicial as well as legislative and executive functions. One would hardly have suspected a guileless classical scholar of so much political acumen; especially one living in a land where judges are elected to long terms, or are appointed for life, for the express purpose of rendering them immune to popular influences—a land in which the judicial veto is the highest law.

But Dr. Botsford's sympathies do not interfere with his presentation of the simple truth about the democracy. After the horse is stolen the stable-door is locked. Now that Europe is ruined, all liberals and radicals see that imperialism—the quest of preferential markets for exploitation—is the common enemy. Salvation is thought to lie in an appeal to the political democracy! As though the British Empire had lost in expansive force under progressive political democratization; as though France, which had lost one colonial empire under the monarchy, had not conquered another under the Third Republic; as though the German Social-Democracy had not been swept headlong in the imperialistic flood! Imperialist ambition was also the force that struck down Athens in the day of her glory. What, then, was the attitude of the Athenian democracy towards imperialism?

The democracy was the backbone of Athenian imperialism. The naval policy of Themistocles, which laid the foundation for the later empire, was supported by the merchant class, "who were in a better position than others to appreciate his aims, and by the masses, in whose ears his patriotism awakened a responsive echo." Again: "Consistently the merchants and urban democrats had promoted imperialism. Cleon and Hyperbolus, industrial democrats, favoured expansion." The masses were not deceived, nor were they an unwilling tool of greedy merchants and scheming statesmen. On the contrary, they received their share of the spoils, just as the English intellectuals, lower-middle classes and labour-aristocracy have been getting their crumbs from the spoils of empire; just as the German intellectuals, lower-middle classes and labour-aristocracy had been hoping to participate in the profits of empire. "Imperialism and democracy were in fact correlative, in that the revenue from the empire alone made possible the participation of the Athenian masses in public life, and on the other hand, this participation was necessary for the policing and administration of the empire." The general resemblance of the Peloponnesian war to the world-war has been frequently noted. But there is also a special resemblance, which is no less striking. Just as Germany, unable to break the deadlock on the Western front, resorted to submarine-warfare and thereby called in the decisive force of the United States, so Athens, unable to overcome the coalition against her on the Greek mainland, dispatched a great armada to Sicily and thereby brought on her own ruin. If submarine-warfare was a policy of madness for Germany, the Sicilian adventure was a policy of madness for Athens. But there was method in the madness, in one case as in the other.

With a view to fostering commercial and political relations with the Hellenic cities of Southern Italy and Sicily, Themistocles cultivated the friendship of Acarnania and Corcyra, which lay in the trade-route to Italy, and alliances were concluded with Hellenic cities of the West. Some decades later Athens strove to gain control over the Corinthian gulf, as she had already gained control over the Saronic gulf, in order

¹ "Hellenic History." George Willis Botsford. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.00.

to develop still further her commerce with Italy and Sicily. But Ægina and Corinth, both maritime States, felt themselves threatened in their very existence by Athenian ambition, and declared war. The Peloponnesian league, of which they were members, came to their aid, and after a long struggle, Athens was compelled to desist. The later and much longer war known as the Peloponnesian, was brought on by Athenian interference in a war between Corinth and the island of Corcyra, the modern Corfu; another attempt on the part of Athens to gain a foothold in Western waters. Then, when she found herself unable to overcome the opposition of her combined foes nearer home, when she could not bridge over the distances intervening between her and the Far West, she made a straight leap for her ultimate goal, and was overwhelmed in the catastrophe that followed.

Whenever a great hazard ends in a catastrophe, there is bound to be a scapegoat. The Greeks called him Alcibiades. We have been calling him Ludendorff.

Other points of interest in this book are its treatment of economic life and activity in the various States at successive periods, beginning with the Minoan age; of social differentiation and the relation of the social classes to one another; of the position of woman; of intellectual development in its various manifestations. The author quotes from the poets and dramatists, orators and philosophers, to illuminate his exposition of social conditions and the development of ideas; brief but telling selections, precious gems in a beautiful setting. I shall advert only to one more topic, not because it is more interesting or more important, but because it appears to be so little known.

The first Athenian navy was built with the proceeds of the State-owned silver mines. These mines, as Aristotle tells us in the *Constitution of Athens* (Kenyon's translation, London, 1891, p. 42), were discovered in the preceding year (183 B.C.). It was with the newly-built navy that the Athenians destroyed the sea-power of Persia, which was mostly Phœnician, and erected their far-flung maritime empire. Before that time, Athens was no stronger than any other Greek State of the second class, and readily submitted to the lead of Sparta, which, after the conquest of Messenia, embraced a larger territory and was able to muster a larger army than any other State on the Greek mainland; as a naval power Athens was outranked by a commercial State like Corinth, or even the little island of Ægina, both of which were more favourably situated on the most advantageous trade-route between East and West across the Corinthian isthmus. But the silver mines gave Athens a navy, made her the foremost imperial and commercial State in Greece, and indirectly gave her the means for that political, intellectual and artistic development in the age of Pericles, which has ever since been the world's marvel. Thus the silver mines of Laurium had a decisive effect upon the whole course of Hellenic history, and indirectly of the entire Western world. As far as I am aware, this has never been noted before.

Dr. Botsford tells of another instance in which the mining of a precious metal played a decisive rôle in the history of Hellas and of the world. Speaking of Philip of Macedon, he says: "Aside from his own inborn ability, perhaps the greatest element of success in his career was his seizure of the gold mines of Mount Pangæus just beyond the Thracian border which, according to reports, brought him more than a thousand talents a year. Although this statement may be an exaggeration, yet the proceeds constituted the

foundation of his power, as it enabled him to create a standing army of professional soldiers, superior to anything heretofore known to the world." Again: "The king's gold formed, too, an essential element of the diplomacy in which he developed a masterful skill." It was with the army formed by Philip that Alexander conquered the Persian Empire and penetrated Asia as far as the Punjab. The rise of the Hellenistic States of Asia and Egypt and the Hellenization of the East followed; and it was upon the Hellenic heritage that the Arabians later on founded their civilization and erected the caliphates of Bagdad, Cairo and Cordova, which were, with Constantinople, the leading centres of civilization in the Middle Ages.

We thus see that one may speak of the conservation and transformation of energy in an historical or social sense. The silver in the mines of Laurium, the gold in Mount Pangæus, is transformed into navies and armies, with a succession of effects reaching down to our own day.

The exposition of the origin of the Athenian State would certainly have gained in consistency and clearness if our author had utilized the interpretation of Lewis H. Morgan. But perhaps this would not be in accord with Dr. Botsford's method of relying exclusively upon classical sources of information. In his account of Herodotus, he refers, without explanation, to the claim made by certain Greeks to descent from a god, nine, eight or even six centuries before the historian's time. Paul Lafargue explained this claim on the ingenious hypothesis that patriarchal descent could not be traced farther back, owing to the earlier prevalence of matrilineal descent; hence the intervention of a god was assumed. Similarly Dr. Botsford tells us with surprise that, in the "Eumenides" of Æschylus, Apollo "declares the son to be no kin with the mother . . . the father to be the only parent"! This apparently absurd declaration was made intelligible sixty years ago by Bachofen, who interpreted it as the formal religious and legal pronouncement in favour of the victorious patriarchate. The entire tragedy of the house of Agamemnon is thus given a new and socially significant interpretation in terms of conflict between two forms of social and family organization. If it be objected that this is nothing but theory, I will say that in the first place Dr. Botsford does not shrink from resorting to hypothesis in his explanation of the myth of the Minotaur; secondly, that Bachofen found many traces of an earlier matriarchate in Greek literature; and lastly, that Herodotus himself informs us that matrilineal descent prevailed in his day among the Lycians of Asia Minor, a people related to the Hellenes in their culture. In fact, Dr. Botsford also has a dim notion of the sort, for he speaks of the time in which Æschylus wrote as "the dawn of a masculine age." But that dawn goes back many centuries before Æschylus; for already in Homer the heroes trace back their descent to the gods.

HERMAN SIMPSON.

A DISCIPLE'S PRAISE.

THERE is little need to quarrel with Mrs. Cape's naïve hero-worship in her recent biographical sketch,¹ for "Prossy's disease" is not a contagious but an immunizing affliction. The danger is not that her adoration will stimulate promiscuous incense-burning at the shrine of Lester F. Ward, but rather that it will provoke an irreverent generation into the opposite frame of mind. That would be a pity. Ward may not rank as the intellectual

¹ "Lester F. Ward; a Personal Sketch." Emily Palmer Cape. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.75.

Titan heralded by his disciple, but he will assuredly go down into history as a worthy representative of his age. Certainly, an American who openly avowed his belief in evolution fifty years before Bryan's and McCann's indecent exposure of their own intellectual calibre, was not made of common clay. It is impossible to withhold respect from a man who with relatively meagre initial equipment developed into an original investigator in palæo-botany; nay, came to take the whole of human knowledge for his province. Spencer, too, was all-inclusive; Ward, however, unlike the British thinker, did not rely on a priori speculation tempered with conversational osmosis, but was a hard and incessant student. Finally, Ward was one of the first to foster the infant science of sociology, and his outlook on social affairs was animated by a lofty humanitarianism.

Nevertheless, if we abandon the serene heights of historical perspective and ask, as practical twentieth-century Americans, what message Ward has to deliver to us, the reply must probably be that he has none; at least none beyond that vague gospel implied in the life of any earnest thinker who defies tradition. To us he speaketh in an unknown tongue and he edifieth not our community. We of to-day have a horror of system-mongering, and our complex is not banished by mechanical classifications and a forbidding nomenclature. Ward believed that there was such a thing as the Truth and that Utopian results must flow from its propagation. We are not so intellectually purblind and, having read Poincaré and Mach, counter his assumption with Pilate's query. It is hard for a priest of the Truth to free himself from a priestly cast of thought; and, accordingly, we find the grating and smug antithesis of the "emancipated soul" and "the common herd"; of *us* "who are of age, mature, out of swaddling clothes," and of humanity at large, "altogether unlovely," attractive only by its potentialities. A strange profession for a philosopher of democracy!

The point is simply that one can not hold a creed and avoid the psychology of sectarianism. Just as Ward retained the notion of a sublimated election of grace, with pitying scorn, if not damnation, of the infidel, so he retained the old religious practice of believing what he wished to believe. Thus he saw in an early matriarchate a means of buttressing feminist aspirations and swallowed Bachofen, flesh and bone. So he came to loggerheads with modern biology and psychology by minimizing the influence of innate ability, and all but proclaiming the omnipotence of education. We need leaders of democracy who shall frankly accept the fact of individual differences but who shall be neither wheedled nor bullied into the *non sequitur* of reactionary propagandists, that those now in the saddle in modern civilization were born booted and spurred.

But though we can not follow Ward, we shall turn our backs upon him in gratitude. Each generation has its own task. It was probably inevitable that he and his like should challenge the old dogmatism with a new creed. Were it not for their courage, we should not be so wise and tolerant; perhaps we should not think at all.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE.

THERE is no doubt that Mr. Stephen Graham and Mr. Vachel Lindsay had a good time tramping in the Rockies. The book¹ Mr. Graham has written about their running amuck in Glacier National Park has caught from the experience the spirit of holiday, and presented it not in fading retrospect, but alive and hilarious. One finishes the last chapter with such a strong illusion of having returned from a particularly happy vacation in excellent company, that one has a feeling of being let down. It is no use trying to keep the altitude of elation that the Englishman and the American attained; the town sullenly begins to tarnish one's fresh impressions of the awful beauty of mountain wilderness; "smoky dwarf houses hem one round everywhere, a vague dejection weighs down one's

soul"; and most of all, one misses the two delightful companions with whom one stormed the Montana Rockies.

At times the mountains serve only as a background to the shouting and gesticulating figure of Mr. Lindsay; the chasms and peaks become merely a sounding-board for his rhetorical hullabaloo. At times the poet's geyser subsides, and Mr. Graham gives us his impressions of the savage magnificence amid which he and Mr. Lindsay roamed. Often enough, too, the portrait and landscape are confused as in a wild dream, as the pair assault and take impregnable heights, sleep on the ragged edge of precipices, toboggan on avalanches into horrid abysses, break through impenetrable forests with the impetus of locomotives, fling their overheated bodies into glacial streams; all the while, or except when both are completely winded, discoursing on Mr. Lindsay's opinions, political and æsthetic, on America, past, present and future as the Springfield poet sees her.

These opinions will seem to many to be as wild and chaotic as the country in which they were detonated. We learn that Mr. Lindsay's political heroes are John Randolph, Andrew Jackson and Theodore Roosevelt; that his literary hero is Ruskin; his ideal man, St. Francis; that pure oratory is natural poetry; that Bryan is a poet; that Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster were poets. "I am a follower of Poe and Jefferson," he exclaims from a mountain-top. He believes in democracy and the spoils system. He loves the chivalric South and so on. Of poets who were not orators, Mr. Lindsay prefers Longfellow to Whitman, although the latter could have justified the motley of Mr. Lindsay's eclecticism with, "I contradict myself? Very well, I contradict myself. I contain multitudes."

If we are unable to take seriously the loose-jointed and amorphous body of opinion which Mr. Lindsay offers his companion, still it is an important element in the very engaging portrait that Mr. Graham gives us. We behold Mr. Lindsay as a delightful personality and also as a literary phenomenon or portent, for he is at the same time so genuinely an artist and so religiously an Americanophile, a combination that is sufficiently rare in our time. One-hundred-per-cent American that he is, Mr. Lindsay has scrupulously refused to commercialize his talents and his message; to let the magazines and lecture-agencies make a nine days wonder of his patriotism. One feels that he is a man to be reckoned with, not only as a poet but as an "influence." For curse it as we may in novels, verse and leading articles, we are all of us secretly in love with something that is at the heart of our American civilization. Mr. Lindsay's divination seeks this quality, not with the dissecting tools of criticism or the double-edged sword of satire, but with the discerning rays of love and approbation.

EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH.

THE ASSAULT ON EVEREST.

THE recent disaster to the British expedition which was attempting to subdue Mount Everest (only the fact that the seven victims were Tibetan porters prevented this episode from assuming the tragic significance of Captain Scott's grim passing-out) has reinforced the journalistic conception of this attempt as a piece of dare-devil adventure. No reader of the report of the first year's reconnaissance¹ will deny that there is much to be said for this view of it.

Yet there is no rhetoric in the narrative in which several well-bred Englishmen describe the experiences of 1921. The men who laid siege to Everest seem to have been like other great adventurers, loath to celebrate their own prowess or to expose their emotions to every one with money enough to buy their book. Moreover, the secret of this expedition, as of other like exploits, is plainly a willingness not so much to take risks as to undergo exacting and nerve-racking toil. Doubtless there are many men courageous enough to get a long way above the 20,000 foot line, but there can be few who would be

¹ "Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies." Stephen Graham. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

¹ "Mount Everest: The Reconnaissance." C. K. H. Bury. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. \$7.50.

patient enough. The explorers of Mount Everest were primary scientists. Yet they had their golden moments of earned delight, as will be evident to anyone who reads the narrative of the expedition from the time when it laboured painfully up and down the steaming trails of Sikkim to the culminating hour when Bullock, Wheeler and Mallory stood on the north-east arête, two-and-a-half miles from the summit, and looking upward, saw "the powdery fresh snow on the great face of Everest being swept along in unbroken spindrift and the very ridge where our route lay marked out to receive its unmitigated fury." They decided to turn back because they were not bent on suicide.

To attain this point the explorers had endured weeks of incredible labour, extremes of heat and cold, the debilitating effects of high altitudes, rain, snow, winds, leeches, insects, poor food, hard beds, sickness—indeed, almost everything but death that the flesh of man is heir to; and one of the party, Dr. Kellas, had actually died almost within sight of the mountain he had come so far to climb. Their exertions were gigantic. On the day that Mallory's party climbed the Lhapka La, the final ridge barring the road to Mount Everest from the East, they were on their feet continuously in rough country at an altitude of more than 20,000 feet, for twenty-three hours.

These experiences indicate that the explanation of this year's failure is to be found rather in the inability of even the soundest climber to resist more than a certain degree of fatigue and exposure at high altitudes, than in the difficulties of the topography. The heights actually achieved this summer are miraculous enough under the circumstances.

Besides Mallory's account of the "assault" the book contains an introduction by Sir Francis Younghusband, a plain general narrative by Lieutenant-Colonel Howard-Bury, who was in command; a valuable sketch of the natural history of Tibet by A. F. R. Wollaston, an appreciation by Professor Norman Collie, and notes and appendixes on scientific aspects of the expedition by other members of the party. As much of the region traversed was unexplored, the volume would possess value even if it were not for the impending fascination of Mount Everest. Incidentally those who are interested in such matters will find much valuable information about the natives of Tibet, and sidelights on the delicate diplomatic policy of the British Imperial Government in that region; a policy which the people of India or even of Haiti might envy.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS.

ROMANCE-MONGERING.

THIS book¹ will probably be valued by those people who care for such literature. It is written in the accredited style, an odd commingling of sentimentality, facetiousness and enthusiasm. But how depressing such volumes really are! The romance of Wessex, like the romance of any other particular landscape, is real and living. It lies in the ancient quarries of the island of Purbeck or of Ham hill; it is in the upturned tilth of Tintinhul Great-Field, and in the goose-trodden sod of Giddy Green, near Wool. It can be found wherever a small dormered window looks out upon a wide, dusty high road or wherever the door of a keeper's cottage opens on a dewy woodland glen full of beehives and foxglove and early morning sunshine.

But as it is with Rabelais's God, "whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere," it is not well to pursue the essence of this romance too closely. Just as the mystery of a red admiral butterfly, fluttering uncertainly in all its dancing colour from scabius to knapweed in the Honeycombe woods, escapes those people who believe that to possess it for ever they have but to put a pin through the insect's slender body and set it on a board of cork; so the indefinable secret of the West Country can only too easily be rendered unprofitable and

dead by professional romance-mongers who set about it with definition and illustration. Tourists often make the same mistake, and this is why their eager excursions are so regularly rewarded by an intolerable sense of disillusionment. The romance of a region is something that can not be bribed with money, and does not brook coercion. If it comes upon one's senses, it must come of its own free will, naturally, like a happy child, or not at all. For the simple and direct understanding of the poetry of life, a man must himself possess imagination. If these things are touched by the clumsy or the insensitive, they have a habit of dissolving away like cuckoo spit. There is indeed something pathetic about the tenacity with which commonplace people seek to supplement the shortcomings of their own fancy by impetuous and vain explorations into realms not naturally theirs.

All Mr. Hopkins's humorous anecdotes and rhapsodical paragraphs do not re-create Wessex for the reader. One breath from a damp barley mow in Batemore barn, when the rooks are homing through a rain-swept October sky would do it far better; one glance at a common horse-grazed paddock in early September, grown full of West Country thistles; one syllable of the old familiar broad accent heard accidentally in some place far, far removed from such happy rivers as the Yeo, and Paret, and Stour. Mr. Hopkins may be said to do the thing as well as it can be done by anyone who has not in his blood and bones the native appreciation, too deep to be articulate, of Dorset, Somerset, and Devon.

The mere fact that Mr. Hopkins is capable of using the word "Hodge" when he alludes to any rural labourer will fairly, perhaps, give his measure. He visits the Royal Oak Inn at Bere Regis, and it is thus that he endeavours to "set" the atmosphere of that homely tavern. "It is at such houses that men may stretch out weary legs and taste home-cured bacon (I heard the squeak of a pig in the outhouse), and such places are homes of adventure." Only one other passage is required in order to intimate the commonplace style in which the book is written. "The Anchor Inn at Seatown is an old place of entertainment I have not personally visited, but a man *who knows his Dorset* informs me, etc. . . . I shall call there the next time I *fare Dorset* way."

It must be admitted, however, that Mr. Hopkins is not always as banal as that. During the war it fell to his lot to serve in Palestine, with a friend of his boyhood. As children in Devon they had often pelted one another with cider-pellets; and when under shell fire, his companion shouted at him, "Hi there, Bob! Look out!—these coming over are not made of apple pulp!" The incident faintly reminds one, but very faintly, of that lovely passage in "The Dynasts" when the dying Nelson in the cockpit of the "Victory" asks Hardy of what he is thinking and is answered—

"Thoughts all confused, my Lord: their needs on deck,
Your own sad state, and your unrivalled past;
Mixed up with flashes of old things afar—
Old childish things at home, down Wessex way,
In the snug village under Blackdon Hill
Where I was born. The tumbling stream, the garden.
The placid look of the grey dial there,
Marking unconsciously this bloody hour;
And the red apples on my father's trees,
Just now full ripe."

Now and again, Mr. Hopkins lets drop some word that has more of the real stuff in it, a stray sentence perhaps that brings back to an exiled West Country man the look of some particular locality; as for instance, when he tells us that the boatmen of Dead Man's Bay can on a dark night tell how far they are from Portland by merely taking up a handful of pebbles from the beach! Which of us who know that particular coast line has not observed the strange fact that the pebbles along the Fleet diminish from the size of grindstones to the size of fine sand as the Chesil Beach—that immemorial bulwark against the waves of the Atlantic—approaches westward to the Golden Cap?

It is curious that Mr. Hopkins, in his explorations,

¹ "Thomas Hardy's Dorset." R. Thurston Hopkins. With illustrations by E. Harries and from photographs. New York: D. Appleton and Co. \$3.50.

omitted to pay a visit to Sherborne, which has always seemed to me to represent the very heart of the West Country. Could anything be more characteristic of this part of England than the low-roofed houses and curving lines of "Cheap Street," as it winds its way by the side of the ancient Abbey Church, whose great tenor bell, the gift of Cardinal Wolsey, punctually, every evening at eight o'clock, rings out the curfew? To-day, as of old, the school-boys hearing it in their darkened classrooms below, put away their task-books, the dairy-men hearing it in distant pastures forgo their labours, and the tradespeople hearing it in their simple shops, put up their shutters; reluctantly reconciling themselves, each after his own fashion, to the passing of another day into oblivion.

With what a sense of infinite peace, of infinite security, have I on many a moonlit summer night, seen that quiet town with buttercup-meadows encroaching upon its very walls, gather itself once more to sleep. On such occasions, Sherborne would seem to be dreaming away the long hours in a strange state of spellbound expectancy. The spell is felt far up above our heads where nesting, white-poll'd jackdaws roost amid carved and shadowed masonry; it is felt by the silent echoing pavements, and by each tiny blade of grass that quivers in the balmy coolness of night upon the still Abbey lawns.

One is glad to see that Mr. Hopkins does make mention of Cerne Abbas, a place almost equally redolent of mediæval associations. He even alludes to the Cerne Giant, that monstrous monument of human ribaldry, cut in the chalk downs, which for centuries, with a sublime indifference to squeamish sensibilities, has flaunted before the eyes of men, with phallic fragrance, the blunt urge of life. Fortunately there are to be found no Anthony Comstocks in Dorset, so that even to the present day that triumphant figure of paganism looks in all its original and outrageous grossness down upon the village. The image was probably in existence long before the coming of William the Conqueror, and doubtless in each succeeding generation has been regarded with whimsical eye by the vine-tenders, harvesters, shepherds and cowboys, at work at their varied occupations in the valley below. Even to-day when a maiden from Cerne is found to be in trouble, her friends will explain her condition by saying simply that she has been sitting "on the lap of the Cerne Giant."

Of such is the Kingdom of Wessex! How far Mr. Hopkins's book will help to initiate the reader into the secrets of West-Country romance is a doubtful matter; for my part, if I were to be consulted as to the best way of achieving such an end, I would say without hesitation, Return once more to the man whose nature was deep enough to understand nature's depths, and read with love and diligence the poetry and novels of Thomas Hardy himself.

LLEWELYN POWYS.

SHORTER NOTICES.

THIS novel, originally published in Denmark, appears in English under the title of "Guest, the One-Eyed." It has been generally accepted as the most important work of Gunnar Gunnarsson, a writer who has brought out a number of significant stories of his native Iceland through the medium of the Danish language. This work is called a "saga of the Iceland of to-day"—a designation to which it has ample claim, chiefly because of the wealth of its materials and the large view which it gives of the civilization with which it deals. "Guest, the One-Eyed" takes up three generations, beginning with one of those rugged figures in whom the blood of the ancient vikings flows, and traces the narrative through his descendants who are of more modern fibre. Behind the story, the sombre beauty of the country which has moulded and influenced the characters is sketched with richness and understanding.

L. B.

WITHOUT discounting the tranquil merits of the book itself, it is more than likely that the considerable vogue of Jay

¹"Guest, the One-Eyed." Gunnar Gunnarsson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

William Hudson's "Abbé Pierre"¹ is largely attributable to a reaction towards war-fiction, both bloodthirsty and pacifist. The story is scarcely more than an incident, seen through the speculative eyes of an old priest and decked out to the proportions of a full-length novel by the inclusion of much descriptive padding and pseudo-philosophy. The whole effect is slow-paced, benign, and at certain moments, almost soporific. In the manner of its telling, the story meanders pleasantly, finding space for much interesting local colour, much tradition, and much rumination. All this is handled adroitly, recounted gracefully, and ultimately falls in with the main narrative, but a great part of it might equally as well have served as the foundation for a book of travel as for a work of fiction.

L. B.

MR. LONGSTRETH's latest "glorified guide-book,"² as the jacket advertisement describes it, is as charming and spontaneous a piece of writing as his other books, "The Adirondacks" and "The Catskills." This time it is a sojourn in the Laurentians that has given him material for a book that can be used as a painless Baedeker by visitors to the region, or read with keen pleasure by arm-chair travellers who must have their vicarious adventures related imaginatively in well-written English. Mr. Longstreth's vivacious humour breaks down occasionally into facetiousness; his humane sentiments, at times, have a rather high humidity; and, infrequently, his style gets out of bounds into what is called "fine writing" or into journalese. But it seems rather ungracious to note these faults in work that is so immensely above the average of its kind. In the Laurentian wilderness there are a few empty tin cans, a few pretentious people, and, I suppose, some camping-parties that sing "Silver Threads Among the Gold"; but these would be seen in retrospect as very slight blemishes on the beauty of the wild country seen in Mr. Longstreth's gracious and sympathetic impressionism.

E. T. B.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

AFTER having lain long dormant beneath the surface of my memory, there now for some reason persistently comes back to me the remark of M. Gambetta that the French Republic should be "*l'épanouissement de l'élite de l'humanité*." It has not turned out that way unfortunately; official France, at least, is just now giving a peculiarly bad account of itself, and probably any republic that is built on the economic substructure of small-holding landed proprietorship can not get very far in representing *l'élite de l'humanité*. In France, as at Athens, there has always been a fair measure of this élite existing as a kind of empire within an empire; but the republic, as the political unit or organism which M. Gambetta was considering when he uttered his pious and noble desire, has neither taken its tone and character from the élite nor made itself the instrument for enlarging the number of the élite and promoting its influence. On the contrary, its character has been shaped by the economic system which is at the root of the French people's physical life, and its tendency has been rather to impoverish and continually press upon the inner empire of the élite and to check its influence.

M. POINCARÉ, for example, does not speak in the tradition of the élite, but in that of the small-holding French farmer who has a few savings to invest. Invariably, too, he speaks for the French farmer's lower and worse self, the self which is "manifold and vulgar and unstable and contentious and ever-varying," and not the higher and better self which is "one and noble and secure and peaceful and the same for all mankind." It is his business, as Burke says it is the usual business of men in his position, "still further to contract the narrowness of men's ideas, to confirm inveterate prejudices, to inflame vulgar passions and to abet all sorts of popular absurdities." We see him doing just this, day in and day out, as we see Mr. Hughes to the best of his ability doing here, Mr. George doing in England, and so on. Now the business of the élite is precisely opposite to this; its

¹"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. New York: D. Appleton and Co. \$2.00.

²"The Laurentians." T. Morris Longstreth. New York: The Century Co. \$3.50.

business is to enlarge men's ideas, to dissolve prejudices, to allay passions and to dissipate absurdities. Its business is wholly with the higher and better self of man; invariably it speaks with the tongue of this better self, it seeks by every means to educe this better self and make it prevail. But M. Poincaré's position has a sort of superstitious prestige which carries and advances him in popular estimation; it pushes his business at the expense of the business of the élite, and moreover so tends to confuse the élite itself and to pervert its allegiance, that in a crisis always, and at other times quite regularly, he can count on inducing at least a part of the élite to leave off promoting its own business and to help him promote his. Thus it is, as I said, that the inner empire of the élite is steadily impoverished and its influence retarded.

BUT perhaps my readers would go along with me more cordially if I cited the example of Germany, though the example of France is the more useful because it has more to do with the present and future and less with the past. Germany had a great many of the élite of humanity, and its inner empire had a strength, prestige and influence that made of Germany the most highly civilized nation of Europe. But the outer empire corrupted it, perverted it from resolutely following out its own purposes, and succeeded finally, by an assiduous course of subvention, flattery and misrepresentation, by playing upon and diligently encouraging appropriate superstitions, in turning it largely into the service of the outer empire. Thus, instead of an expansion and strengthening of the empire of the elect, we beheld in Germany its progressive contraction and anæmia, until the time of sudden trial gave proof that it was gone, disintegrated. What a prospect for *épanouissement*! one said bitterly in reading representative utterances of German culture; and the same chagrin and despondency attended upon the perusal of representative utterances of the culture of constitutional England, republican France and the republican United States.

YET what an ideal it exhibits, this phrase of Gambetta! What an ideal for any republic, that of a demos which shall appropriate the criteria and standards of the true aristocracy and steadily bring itself into correspondence with them! I suppose that I may venture to praise this ideal, now that Mr. Mencken has gone to Europe and is no longer here to insist that it is impossible and fantastic. Certainly it has been deeply revered and implicitly believed in, not only by the lowly and ignorant, but by the great and wise. Many besides Gambetta hailed the birth of the French Republic in the pure faith of this ideal; and long before that, many had contemplated and saluted it from afar, in full assurance of its ultimate triumph. Condorcet boldly asserted that it is the order of nature itself which tends to bring general opinion more and more into conformity with truth; and if Condorcet be thought a too imaginative witness, we have the hard-headed Virchow conditioning democracy upon the possession by the people of "a fund of common convictions and a uniform mode of thought"—which is probably a fair prose version of Gambetta's poetic phrase. Nevertheless this ideal has not been realized in the collective life of any people since its projection. It has not been realized in the modern republics; certainly not in France, and by no means in the United States. Critical observers of the progress of republicanism, indeed, appear to intimate that the republics show the poorest prospect for its realization. One wonders why this should be so.

THE reader may now see that my thoughts are drifting back to the literary project which I suggested last week as just now most necessary—a history of civilization in the United States. Here has been an experiment with republicanism on a great scale and with much in its favour; and whatever republicanism has accomplished

here, it unquestionably has not effected the fine "flowering-out of the élite of humanity" which Gambetta expected the French Republic to represent, and which certain sane and ardent souls expected the American Republic at least to foster and encourage. This expectation was as earnest in Paine's mind and Jefferson's as it was in Gambetta's. But notably, most notably, has it been disappointed in the civilization of the United States. As I said last week, it was hardly necessary that Mr. Stearns and his thirty associates should make so elaborate a registration of this disappointment. They have added little to what was said nearly forty years ago by Leroy-Beaulieu, and even earlier by Lecky and Arnold. The fruitful thing, surely, is not continually to keep plumbing and recording the depth of this disappointment, but to try to account for it, to trace out and co-ordinate as far as possible, the influences which have brought it to pass; and this points directly towards the undertaking of such a work as I have suggested.

APPARENTLY it has not occurred to the observers of the progress of republicanism to do this. Their work generally, like that of Mr. Stearns and his associates, has been one of observation and inference. Leroy-Beaulieu shows explicitly the progressive, throttling encroachment of the outer empire of politics and public affairs upon the inner empire of the élite; he remarks in so many words the ever-widening separation between the purposes of the élite and those of the demos; but he goes little farther. He helps one with the real and essential question no more than does Mr. Mencken. Sir Henry Maine, Ruskin and even the great Scherer do no better; no, nor yet Franklin, though the actual perspicacity of some of his observations on these matters has never been surpassed. In his special study of American institutions, the late Viscount Bryce showed himself an able observer, a talented reporter; but with the *why* of things, he is not concerned. Nor indeed, I hasten to say, could he be explicitly concerned with it, considering the natural limits and scope of the work which he proposed; and no more could Mr. Stearns and his thirty associates. But might not Viscount Bryce, might not Mr. Stearns, have fairly given their work a turn, if ever so slight, to show that in their judgment the *why* was inestimably important, and that no pains were too great to be put upon its determination?

I WONDER whether in these days when the voice of the present is so powerful, I can hope to make heard a few words from the seventeenth century. Probably not; but I may at least imagine myself whispering them behind the back of my hand to my friend Mr. Llewelyn Powys, as a suggestion of the great delight that he would find in a study of the rare and beautiful spirit that uttered them. John Hales, "the ever-memorable Mr. John Hales of Eton," as his contemporaries called him, said: "I comprise it all in two words; *what* and *wherefore*. That part of your burden which contains *what*, you willingly take up. But that other, which comprehends *why*, that is either too hot or too heavy; you dare not meddle with it. But I must add that also to your burden, or else I must leave you for idle persons; for without the knowledge of *why*, of the grounds or reasons of things, there is no possibility of not being deceived." May I not say just this to Mr. Stearns and his thirty associates, to our play-writers and writers of fiction who are engaged in a carnival of inquisition upon our life and culture? May I not suggest that the *what* has had perhaps enough elucidation, that further insistence upon it would savour of fanaticism; and that the *why* has been badly neglected, and should be promptly and competently dealt with, for otherwise *there is no possibility of not being deceived*—just that, which to a practical mind is surely the best of reasons? We have had enough reports upon our civilization, enough onslaughts upon it; now let us take measures to understand it.

THERE is an old yarn about a cunning immigrant who, arriving in New York, made for Gold Street as soon as the Castle Garden officials released him. His disappointment was great, for he found only a drab row of warehouses in what is designated on the early maps as Beeckman's Swamp. If the immigrant had been less literal-minded his disappointment would have been smaller, for even in Gold Street he might have found gold.

In the FREEMAN's search for wider opportunities, among men and women who, to the careless observer, are the Beeckman's Swamp of our American life, it has found the gold of striving, of fairness, of earnestness. The FREEMAN has been to them as a dream come true—an expression of their cultural aspirations. Such letters as those which we quoted in the two preceding issues bear testimony to the enthusiasm of the fraternity whose friends speak of them as Freemanites. There is a sound reciprocal relation between them and this paper, for their appreciation translates itself into editorial energy.

The faithful band must grow this autumn as it has never grown before. Our circulation is, to-day, practically at its top-notch, but the top-notch is not high enough. Next week we enter September; people will be getting back into harness; those who had a long holiday will champ at the bit, eager for the winter race. We want some of their accumulated energy directed towards building up our body of readers and, as stimulus to their effort, we offer

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F. 8. 30. 22.